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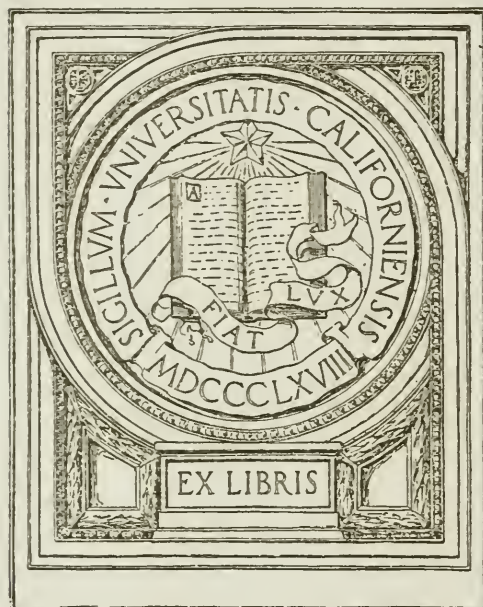


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THE NORMAL EXPONENT



JUNE 1913

THE EXPONENT

ISSUED BY
THE SUMMER CLASS



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Volume 1, Number 1, Summer 1964
Published by the California Association of Native Students



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To those who guide and inspire us—
The children whom we love, 
We dedicate this book 

STAFF
H.P.C.

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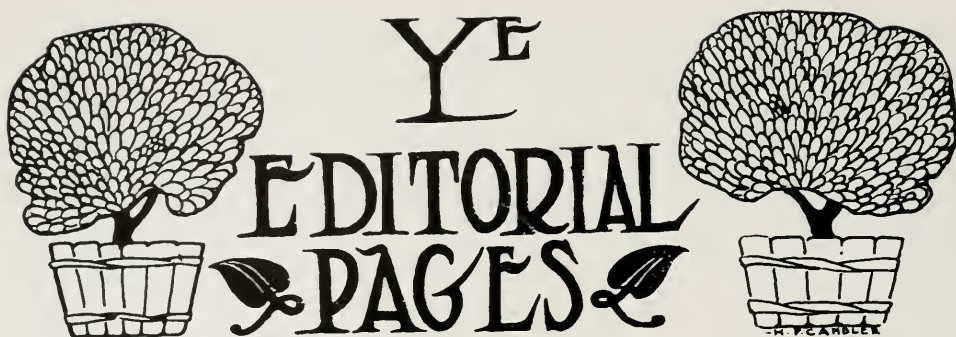
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RALPH WOODS
ASST. JOSH EDITOR



Summer, 1913

“THE best and largest class ever to graduate from any Normal School is about to leave this school” (thus Dr. Millspaugh addressed us at the first meeting of the entire class).

As one looks back over the past two years, the question arises, “What has Summer '13 done for the Normal School?” Under the guidance of this class, the Associated Students and the Student Government have become more firmly established; various smaller organizations and clubs have come into existence. The class has spent much time and earnest efforts to further school spirit and to make the students feel more united as a school, and not as an aggregation of groups.

As this class leaves the school it sincerely hopes that others will try to live up to the standard it set; to be a better influence in the community because of two years most profitably spent at the Normal School; to leave behind them that spirit of affection and true-heartedness which will endear their Alma Mater to Faculty and Students.

The Exponent

THE L. A. S. N. S. Catalogue gives the names of the two school publications as The Outlook, the official organ of the Student Body, and The Exponent, the official organ of the Senior Class. As must be expected in such an edition as this, the duty and privilege of issuing such a book should belong to the Senior A's. This is only fair.

Let us keep in mind, however, that the literary work was chosen because of its merits and appropriateness; that the art work is the result of a competition in which all who wished submitted work. The Staff has endeavored to make the School feel that this is the students' book. Every class and organization of the School is represented, and it is our earnest desire that each member of the faculty and each student will say, “This is the Annual of my School.”

Dedication

IN dedicating our Annual, we tried to select a dedication that would come close to the hearts of all those who belong to the Normal School. As is most natural in an institution such as ours, there are a great many to whom we could inscribe this book, but we felt that each one should know those who receive our tribute, so we chose those who are nearest and dearest, those for whose sake we have spent two years of work and pleasure with our Alma Mater, those who guide and inspire us—The Children. To them we lovingly dedicate our Annual.

Appreciation

THE Editor wishes to express her thanks not only to the Staff for the valuable time and effort they so cheerfully gave that this Exponent might be a success, but to the School at large,—to the faculty for their hearty co-operation, and to the students for their welcome contributions. This undertaking has been a true pleasure; the work has been highly instructive, and the Staff feel that they have gained by it. Will those who have so heartily co-operated with the Editor accept her sincere gratitude for their assistance in making the Exponent the best ever issued by the Los Angeles Normal School.



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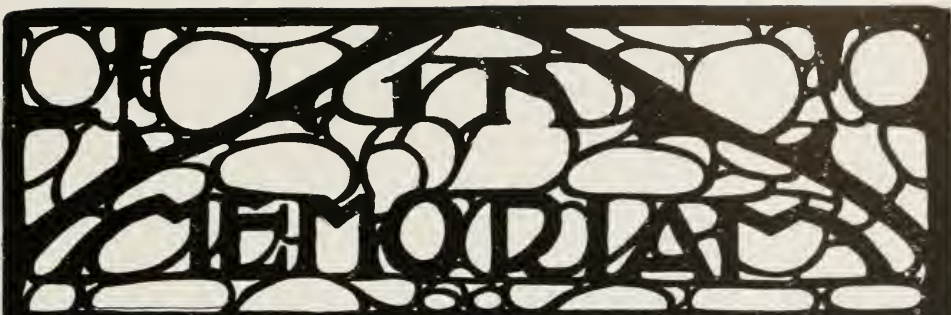


ESTHER CRAWFORD



MYRTLE BLEWETT

IN MEMORIAM



An Appreciation

THERE are men who magnify their positions in life so that those who know them lose all sight of so-called distinctions in the dignity and value of different occupations. Such a man was James C. Major, our school janitor for ten years.

To members of the faculty, whose connection with the school has allowed a longer acquaintance with Mr. Major's unfailing courtesy, faithfulness, and willingness to serve, his death came with shock and sorrow. A true gentleman, a real friend is mourned.

Students, whose knowledge of his character must have perforce been less extensive, are nevertheless keenly conscious of the splendid integrity and faithful service, which were so constantly in evidence in the daily discharge of his many and exacting duties.

If success in life be related to service, surely the life of Mr. Major has been most successful. His example of devotion to routine tasks is one not lightly to be passed by unnoted. Its lesson is to be taken to heart and acted upon by all of us, who have known him.

To his family in their loss and sorrow, the sympathy of students and teachers is most cordially extended, with the hope that the memory of his life and the esteem in which he was held by all who knew him, may serve to comfort in this hour of bereavement.

A. A. M.

ALMA MATER WPC

ALMA MATER



Jones

Alma Mater



A farewell to dear Alma Mater!
No, that our class will ne'er give;
We leave the old halls and class rooms,
But old Normal with us will e'er live.

No more of our frolics at lunch time
Out under the old monkey tree;
The voices of others will echo
Where we were so happy and free.

Ere long, if we walk down these hallways,
The faces we meet will be strange.
The answering smiles of greeting
Will then be lost in the change.

Soon all our friends will be scattered
As far as the East from the West;
But in thought there'll be no separation,
As friendship is true through this test.

So hail to dear Alma Mater!
We greet her with hearts full of cheer
As we hasten on to life's duties,
Face the future with never a fear.

We'll be loyal and work for her progress;
We'll be true to the standards she's taught;
We'll strive to hold high her banner—
Alma Mater, ever dear to our thought!

—Lesta E. Andrews.

SUCCESS

The final measure of success is service. He is richest who gives himself most freely; highest who descends into the shadowy vales of life to uplift the lowly; wisest who can speak clearly to the simple-minded; purest who reaches a hand of love to raise the vile; noblest who scorns not even the scorner; kindest who pities most of all the cruel; divinest who loves the good in all men high or low. And his success is highest who fails most in self-seeking, and bestows his chiefest gift-himself-without a thought of anything to gain.

FRED ALLISON HOWE
H.P. CANDLER

ALVANI

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Alumni

It was a beautiful day in May, 1884. Los Angeles had donned her most becoming gown in honor of the first graduating class of the Los Angeles State Normal School. There were twenty-two young women in dainty commencement dresses, with hearts fluttering with excitement as they waited to receive the diplomas which would make them the first Alumnae of our Normal School. That was just twenty-nine years ago, and from the twenty-two of the first graduating class the number has steadily grown until today four hundred twenty-five young men and women are candidates for graduation in the June class of 1913.

During these twenty-nine years our Normal School has made steady progress. There is no surer proof of this fact than to compare the catalogue, in June, 1883, at the close of the first year of its work, with the one issued in June, 1912, at the close of its twenty-ninth year. In 1883, the School offered only one course, similar to the General Professional course of the present time. In the catalogue of 1912 there are seven distinct courses, the General Professional, the Academic-Professional, The Kindergarten Training, the Manual Arts, the Special Art, the Special Music, and, last and newest, the course in Home Economics. Each of these courses has been introduced in response to a demand from the public; and their number and variety show the interest that the world at large is taking in children, and in properly equipping instructors to give to these little ones.

In the catalogue of 1883, there appear eight names on the page headed "Faculty." In the catalogue of 1912, four pages of the same size are devoted to listing the names of the fifty-seven members of the present faculty. In the list of subjects presented for study, some interesting facts appear. The work was then classed under five headings: Language, Mathematics, Science, Miscellaneous and Professional. Three semesters were devoted to the study of Orthography and English Grammar. The fourth term of Language work was devoted to Word Analysis and Composition, the fifth to Rhetoric, and the sixth to Criticism of English Literature. Mathematics, including Arithmetic, mental and written, Bookkeeping, Algebra, Higher Algebra and Geometry appear in some form in every term's work. In Science, the students worked over Geography, both general and physical, Physiology, Natural Philosophy, Zoology, Botany, Chemistry, Astronomy and Geology. Under the heading "Miscellaneous," we find Penmanship, Drawing, Reading, Vocal Music, General Review of Elementary studies, Political Economy, United States History, School Law and Constitution.

Professional training seems to have had less attention than any other branch of the work. The catalogue of 1912 provides for three terms of Observation, one term of "Problems in Teaching," and twenty hours of practice teaching; while the first catalogue provides for one term in Observation, one in Methods in Teaching, and one in actual practice teaching. The courses in Physical Training, Psychology, Pedagogy and Child Study, had no place in the work of the School when it was first organized.

From the report of the vice-principal, found in the appendix of the

first catalogue, we find that when this School was first opened, in August, 1882, there were eighty-eight applicants for admission, fifty-five of whom were admitted without conditions, and six with conditions. At the close of the first term, there were eighty-four pupils enrolled in the Normal School proper, and one hundred fifty in the Training School. At the close of the year 1912, there were 1088 students in the Normal School.

From three of our more recent graduates we have received letters, each bringing a message to the present students of their Alma Mater. The first of these comes from Nell Long of 1912, editor-in-chief of last year's "Exponent."

Dear Exponent:

Your request for a letter to the Exponent has made me very happy. It is never far to the land of pleasant memories and the name "Exponent" has a magic charm which always carries my thoughts back to the happy days of work and pleasure at the Normal School.

We of 1912 have so recently left our Alma Mater that we still think of her as our school; we are still a part, in spirit, of her hurrying throngs; her problems are our problems and her interests ours. Amid all the trials and triumphs of the first year, we have kept eyes, ears, and hearts open for good tidings of the Normal School, and we have rejoiced with her at every added success.

Not long ago I climbed the Normal Hill for the first time in many months. It was at the closing hour, and the girls thronged the halls. Most of their faces were strange to me, and yet I felt the grateful ease and joy of being among old friends.

Last summer we thought there could never again be so firm a band of friends as the class of Summer, '12. It was wonderful to feel that the new girls cherished that same spirit of enthusiastic good-will and loving comradeship. This friendliness which the Normal School extends to all who enter her doors is one of her many unseen gifts which the Alumni will ever hold infinitely precious.

The Alumni, as I have found them, are intensely loyal to the best interests of the Normal School. Each class has its own memories, very near and dear to each and every heart. Stunts, spreads, "weeny bakes," and long tramps in the green hills at springtime were never so joyous as when the jolly Summer, '12's led the party. Can we ever forget the marvelous exploits of our class on the glorious circus day? Has there yet been a Senior "stunt" program which has equalled Summer '12's clever travesty of the honored faculty

From a host of loving memories in our hearts, we send to the School a message of appreciation, and to you who are leaving, our earnest wishes for your highest success.

Sincerely,

NELL LONG.

Dear Old Normalites:

What a short time since I graduated! Yet how many things have happened! Many of you are hoping to take the city examination for teachers, so, perhaps, my experience will interest you.

My first bit of advice is, "Do not study books in preparation." The theme topics, the only written work in the examination, cover matters of life, not questions from books. I'll admit that I crammed a good deal, even making a systematic outline of McMurray's "How to Study;" but when the time came to write, my pen literally took the bit between its teeth and refused to transcribe anything but what I had been seeing and doing. I am glad that of my two weeks' preparation only two days were spent in book study. The rest of the time I passed studying human nature as revealed in the schools of this grand city of ours.

One of the best schools to visit is Utah Street School. There we saw a model cottage, where the children of the slums are taught the ideals of housekeeping. In the sewing-room the girls make their own clothes. There is a day nursery, where the small charges of the "little mothers" are cared for during school hours. This is not all that is to be seen in this school or in many others; but if you get interested in one, you will not stop until you have seen all you can.

I could tell you of the rooms for the deaf at Grand Avenue and Sixteenth Street Schools, of the special schools for truants and incorrigibles, of the school clinic and other things; but I will let you discover them for yourselves.

Sincerely,

ELINOR RICHARDS.

Dear Exponent:

Your kindly request for a letter has been received, and it gives us, the Spring Class of 1913, great pleasure to be represented within your pages.

Time is only relative, and the short time that has elapsed since our departure from the Normal School has been for us somewhat uneventful. From among our ranks no rumors arise of continental tours, matrimonial ventures, or the acceptance of principalships, so my letter can recount none of these. However, since such responsibilities have not suddenly rolled themselves upon us, ample time has been given us to reflect, to take, as it were, a backward look over our Normal training, to weigh the good we have received from it.

Sweet is the thought of those two years to everyone of us! I believe that they were a character making epoch in our lives. Every recitation had its charm, and every instructor bore the stamp of genuineness—the mark of a truly refined character. Is there not an ever-present, never-ending influence there, an influence that unconsciously creeps into our very lives and tends to harmonize all our actions? Because of such teachers, we have been made better men and women; our ideals have been lifted higher. We shall carry this spirit into our own school rooms, striving always to impress the ideals of greatest worth upon the hero-worshipping minds of our pupils.

From our study of the child, a chord of sympathy has been struck within us, and we understand better the problems of the wayward lad on the street corner in his tattered coat. We have learned to love nature too: the song of the birds attracts us now; the grass and the flowers and the lowliest creatures have a deeper meaning for us. A taste for good literature has been established. Our sense of artistic beauty has been awakened; we

rebel against the coarse and cheap music of the streets; it strikes a discordant note within us. So on through the entire curriculum; each subject has served its purpose well.

We should be most ungrateful if we did not acknowledge the benefit of such training. It has been and will always be a strong influence in giving shape to our lives; and as the years close in about us, may they ever find us nobler and more worthy, so that at last, in "Life's November Chill" we may be able to say in the words of our beloved Browning, that they have led us

"To an age so blest, that by its side
Youth seemed the waste instead."

Sincerely,

MARGARETTE THOMPSON.

What has become of the girls who have gone out from the School is always of interest to us, particularly if they graduated while we ourselves were students. We list below a few from each of the last three graduating classes.

June Class, 1912.

Nanon Borge is teaching at Elizabeth Lake.

Lois Caskey, president of the class; Nell Long, editor-in-chief of last year's Exponent; Bertha Hersey and Nellie May are all doing good work in the Pasadena schools.

Elsie Ensign has gone to Boone, Iowa.

Marion Roberts is teaching in Elgin, Ohio.

Claire Niles has secured a position in our city schools.

Carolyn Ives is attending U. S. C.

Ida Fullerton has become Mrs. Aaron Carpenter.

Zoe Limbocker is teaching in South Pasadena.

Mary Johnston is teaching near Holtville, California.

Nina McMillen is teaching in the Glorietta District.

Gwendolyn Sargeant is at Elsinore.

December Class, 1912.

Dorothy Austin's work has taken her to Honolulu.

Elizabeth Connors is teaching at Murietta.

Nell O'Brien is at Owensworth, Los Angeles County.

Amelia Rouchleau, Florence A. Beckett, and Anne Hudson have received appointments in the city schools.

Hazel Hamilton is teaching in San Bernardino city.

Margaret Sullivan is teaching in the Cudahy Ranch District.

Spring Class, 1913.

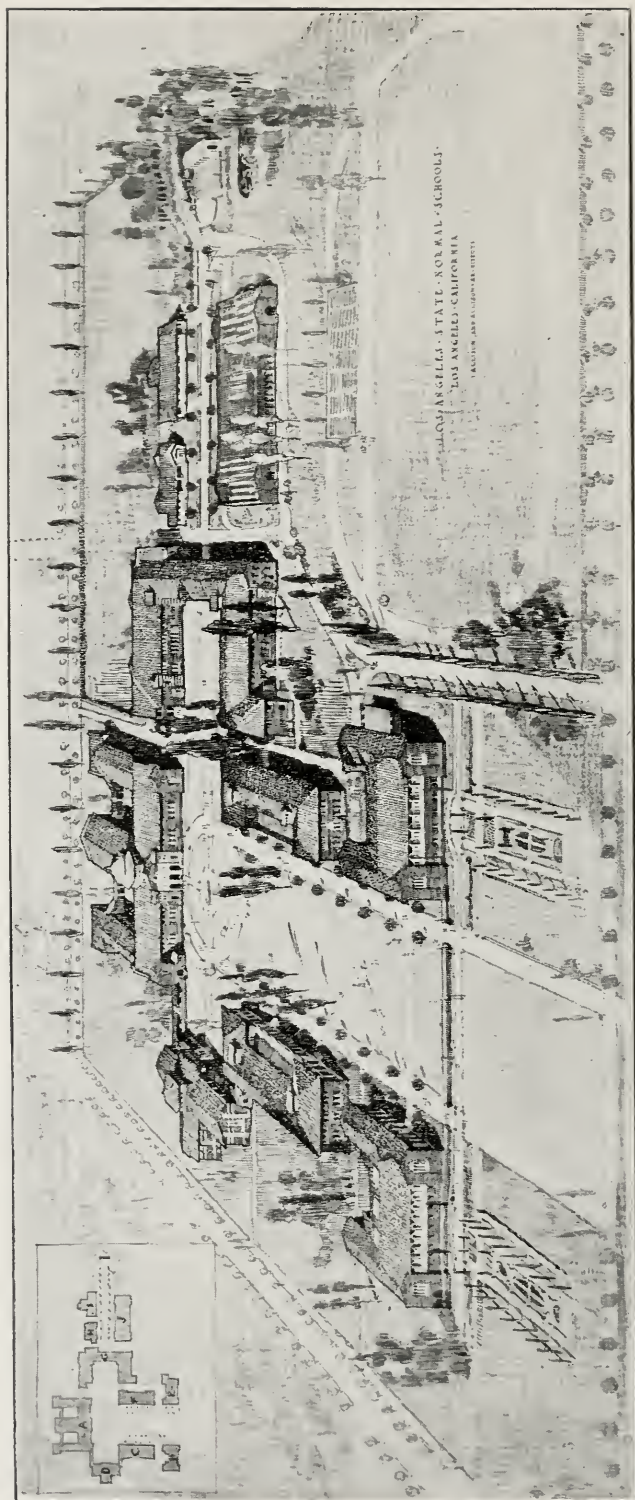
Lulu Whitacre is teaching in the Venice City Schools.

Franc Palmer has secured a position in Santa Paula.

Clara Fogelsong is teaching in the city.

Mollie Durnford is teaching in the schools of Fillmore, California.

Jessie May Cross has secured a position at Long Beach.



LASTS

From the Old to the New

October 1st, 1912, was a memorable day in the history of the Los Angeles State Normal School. Following several weeks' publication of a notice of sale, at ten o'clock of that day, there assembled in front of the building and on the steps a considerable company of people, attracted mainly by curiosity, to witness the transfer of buildings and grounds from the ownership of the State to that of some unknown purchaser. Precisely as the hour struck, Hon. Richard Melrose, President of the Board of Trustees, standing upon the porch, called upon the Secretary of the Board to read the notice of sale; and immediately after the reading invited bids of purchase. The Normal Site Company, representing the City of Los Angeles, offered six hundred thousand dollars as its bid and presented a certified check as a guarantee of good faith. The representative of another company offered six hundred ten thousand dollars and presented a certified check which, however, did not technically conform to the requirements of the Board and was not accepted. After three times asking if there were other bidders, President Melrose declared the property sold to the Normal Site Company.

Thus, after more than thirty years of peaceful possession of her own home, the Alma Mater has become merely a tenant, and, with her numerous family, is occupying rented quarters. Fortunately, she will be allowed to remain in the old home—the only one she has ever known—until her new and more extensive abode is ready for her use.

What changes, without and within the building, those thirty years have registered! When "the magnificent structure", "one of the finest edifices in the State", as it was once described, was opened for the reception of students, Los Angeles was a thriving city of some twelve thousand inhabitants. "Main Street was its chief commercial thoroughfare." The business center was the Plaza. The public schools then enrolled some sixteen hundred pupils. The new Normal School was far out in the suburbs. As a description of it published at that time declares: "It is situated three-quarters of a mile from the business section on an eminence about two hundred feet above the level of the city." "From the grounds

the visitor has a bird's-eye view of the entire city; and for miles around beautiful orange groves loom up in all their semi-tropic grandeur." At that time, what is now our beautiful Central Park was an orange grove.

It was not until some years later that the Normal School grounds were graded and the orange trees removed.

On the opening day eighty candidates applied for admission, and of these sixty were received. The faculty for the first year was composed of an acting principal and two assistants, all of whom are still living. Miss Dunn, whom everyone knows as Secretary of the Faculty, was appointed teacher of history in 1884.

The original building extended as far back only as the present line of the main cross corridor. It was not until 1893 that the central part of the building, in which are now many class rooms, library, assembly room, etc., was constructed. At various later times the gymnasium and other additions to the buildings were made.

From the opening day until the present, every succeeding year has



brought a steadily increasing number of students to the school, and the annual growth for each of the later years has been larger than the entire enrollment of some of our normal schools. The aggregate enrollment of different students for the thirty-one years of its career has been 6997. The attendance has nearly doubled in four years; it has nearly trebled in seven years. The number of graduates has shown a similar rapid increase until now, and although there are many larger normal schools in the United States, the number of diplomas each year granted by the Los Angeles Normal School is larger than that of any other State Normal School in the country.

The faculty, which in the beginning numbered 3, has increased to 55. Counting all who have taught in all departments since 1882, the number of different individuals serving as instructors has been 162. Since the first year, when the management of the school was in charge of an acting principal, three different men have occupied the office of President. Fifty-nine men and one woman have served as members of the Board of Trustees, of whom ten have been successive governors of the State.

The Normal School has never been luxuriously housed or elaborately equipped. If delicacy does not permit its career to be called one of "plain living and high thinking", it puts no bar on the first half of the designation. There may have been a time in its history when congestion and overcrowding were not experienced; but if so, no one now connected with the school remembers it. Furnishings, equipment, and apparatus have always been selected with a view rather to utility than to ornamentation, and it has never ceased to be necessary to practice rigid economy of expenditure in order to avoid financial deficit.

But trustees, teachers, and students have never failed to make the most of their opportunities; with the result that in proportion to the cost to the State, the work accomplished by the school is notable in amount and we believe not inferior in quality. The Los Angeles Normal School is not known as a place of ease and frivolity. "Soft courses" have not had a place in its curriculum of studies. Good standing has always been earned, and indolence and pretense have seldom been prevalent; yet there are few institutions where a smaller measure of compulsion has obtained. Earnestness and devotion to work, while uniformly evident, have always developed naturally and spontaneously. Though scholarship has steadily been cultivated, it has been the scholarship whose purpose and goal are serviceableness and efficiency. Since that fateful twenty-ninth of August, thirty-one years ago, when for the first time the institution's doors were thrown open to receive those who proposed to equip themselves for a high form of public service, a steadily lengthening column of students of high purpose has entered them to better learn the science of education and acquire the art of teaching; and a no less steadily enlarging phalanx of teachers has gone out from them to strengthen the educational forces of the State and to carry to waiting communities the freshness and enthusiasm and ideals of ardent youth.

This is the brief story of the past of the Normal School, an epitome of its life history in the old home. What has the future in store for the Alma Mater, "genial mother" of teachers? Access to the book of the fates is

denied us, but the outlook so far as it extends is pleasing.

Plans for a magnificent group of new buildings are complete and the contract for their construction will soon be awarded. With sufficient margin for delays, it is expected that the buildings will be ready for occupancy September first, 1914. An Administration Building, with offices, classrooms, an assembly hall to seat seventeen hundred people; a Library, with capacity for sixty thousand volumes and four hundred readers; a Home Economics and Manual Arts Building, with laboratories, class rooms, and a model living apartment; a Science Hall, with laboratories—chemical, physical, physiological, horticultural—and a room for an out-of-door vivarium for nature study; the Fine Arts Building with appropriate studios and halls for music and art; a fine Gymnasium with its characteristic accessories; a magnificent Training School, containing besides the usual class and practice-teaching rooms, a gymnasium, cooking laboratory, sewing room, music hall, manual training room, open-air class rooms, etc.; a Manual Arts Building, with carpenter shop, machine shop, foundry, etc.; a Kindergarten Training School Building, planned to meet the special requirements of such a school; a Cafeteria Building, with capacity for four hundred at tables and with abundant provision for the preparation and serving of food; and last, but not least, an athletic field big enough for baseball, football, or any other modern athletic games.

Is that not enough to make all of us rub our eyes and pinch ourselves to be sure we are not dreaming? But this is only a catalog of titles—there is neither time nor space now for a full table of contents. It must be sufficient here to say that for more than a year two very able and experienced architects and for months a small army of assistants have been laboring steadily and patiently to put into workable shape and give unity of design to the ideas and wishes of all departments of the school. The result, we confidently believe, will be in a high degree satisfactory from the standpoint both of utility and of artistic taste. Such improved facilities will invest the school with new power. The transfer to its new home will mean a renaissance of strength, of ambition, of influence, of usefulness. In the new home there will be larger opportunities and better facilities. There is promise that aims that have long been cherished may soon be realized. Plans which have been initiated but only imperfectly carried out may be completed. Opportunity will be afforded for the study of various changes in the educational program which have not yet assumed definite shape but which under the more favorable conditions may grow into movements of importance. There will be encouragement and facilities both for the development of methods and for the testing of those developed elsewhere. Sooner or later will come legal authority to enlarge the scope of our work and to establish new and higher courses of study. At no distant day, by whatever name it may be known, the school will assume the functions of a college of teaching and invite to the enjoyment of its opportunities many aspiring students of education who, if they were now ready to do so, would be compelled to journey far to find satisfaction of their educational needs.

Like other great social ideals, the educational ideal can never become static; it is a never-ending evolution. As long as society continues to develop, educational aims and processes will change. No such opportunity

opened up before the school in 1882 as that which it now faces. Not only is it larger today, better equipped, surrounded by more friends, and blessed with a host of loyal sons and daughters; but in common with Normal Schools elsewhere, its work and influence are rewarded by a degree of popular and professional approval entirely unknown when the school was established. Under favorable auspices and with high hopes, the Alma Mater will enter upon her new career in her new abode. *Semper valeat, crescat, floreat.*

JESSIE F. MILLSPAUGH.



New Normal Grounds



Alumni Song

Tune—Funiculi, Funicula

Come, sing a song of praise to Alma Mater
Before we part—before we part.
Come, join us, every loyal son and daughter,
With all your heart—with all your heart!
Within these halls we'll sing her praises loudly,
With ringing cheer—with ringing cheer!
Beyond these walls we shall hail her proudly,
That all may hear—that all may hear!

Chorus:

Alma Mater, here's success to you!
Alma Mater, mother kind and true!
We hail you now, and on your brow
We place the crown that is your due.
Hear us, mother, while we vow
Our loyalty to you.

Then here's success to those who follow after,
When we have gone—when we have gone,
To fill these halls with sound of work and laughter,
As we have done—as we have done.
'Tis their's to keep the altar ever burning
With hopes most bright—with hopes most bright,
That we, sometimes, our glances backward turning,
May see the light—may see the light.

The Hills

"I will look unto the hills from whence cometh my help."

Come, my child, let's away to the hills!
There we'll talk with the flowers;
There we'll let the voice that stills
Whisper the joy that is ours.

Come, my child, here let us stay,
Put your ear close to the trees;
Listen—you'll hear the wonderful way
That the leaves ever sing to the breeze.

They sing in a language unknown to men
Who are deafened by clink of gold;
Their music is that of field and fen
And their words a secret enfold.

Would you hear their song, O, you of the earth?
Be children and come to the heights!
Come, and here you will have rebirth,
And you'll learn of nature's delights.

You'll learn of Life and its fuller tone;
Of Truth and its peace and joy.
You'll see that in Love and in Love alone
Is that freedom which has no alloy.

Here in the hills, you can talk with God;
Here see Him face to face;
Here lift your thought above the sod,
And the wrong that would tempt—erase.

And now, my child, the vale again,
With its marts wherein are sold
Men's handiwork, the honor of men,
And their lives—for dust called gold.

But we'll stay on the hills of thought, my child,
Close to God, as we pass through the throng;
And with vision clear and undefiled
We'll onward with unvoiced song!

ADA JANE MILLER.



Our Library! Instantly before the mind of each Normal girl rises the picture of our reference room with the light entering through windows on three sides. Around the long mission tables are seated the students, assiduously preparing a lesson on Socrates, a term paper for Dr. Waddle, or a plan for a lesson in Habit Formation.

It is all very pleasant, very restful, and most conducive to hard study. It is, indeed, seldom that we have to turn to the public library to supply the material for our reference work, for we have twenty-five thousand carefully selected volumes, which number is steadily increasing at the rate of about two thousand new volumes per year.

When the library first opened, Miss Dunn was librarian, and the present reception room was the library. The number of books was small, so the students did not have the advantages that we of the present time enjoy. Like everything else connected with Los Angeles Normal, the library grew until it had to find larger quarters. It was then located in room "E." It still kept growing larger and larger until all the faculty agreed that there would have to be another moving day, and that the library would have to find a new home.

The new home was located where it is at present and consisted of only three rooms, the reference room, the children's room, and the office. But the library didn't stop growing even then and soon threatened to overflow into the halls unless something was done, so the room for circulating books was provided. The next problem was to make the reference room as attractive as possible and various graduating classes have assisted the school in this effort. The big clock whose pendulum swings so gravely and precisely day after day was the gift of the '03 class; the class of '11 donated one of Wendt's pictures; the "Carot" is the gift of '10, and the Abbey picture that of 1912.

Many are the subjects represented by the books in both the circulating and the reference rooms. These books vary from novels to while away the leisure hours, to heavier works on psychology, education, science, travel, history, and literature. There are also encyclopedias, dictionaries, atlases, and about one thousand volumes of the leading literary and educational periodicals, to which the students have access.

Everything possible is done to facilitate the use of the library. The

books are classified according to the Dewey decimal system and a card catalogue, containing the title and subject of every book and the name of its author, makes the finding of desired material an easy and rapid task.

Under the capable direction of Miss Elizabeth H. Fargo, the librarian, and her assistant, Miss Marjorie H. Van Deusen, a new course has been offered to Normal students as an elective—a course in Library Methods. This course is divided into two parts. Under part one comes the use of the library, the study of the structure and the care of books, then classification and arrangement, the use of the card catalog, of the reference books, periodicals, and periodical indexes. The second part is a course in library management and includes book selection and buying, preparation of books for the shelves, the study of library records and accession book, the shelf list, children's reading and books, and the charging system. Three periods or more a week for one term are assigned each pupil. A lecture is delivered during one of these periods weekly, and the other periods are devoted to supervised practice-work in the library, where the principles learned from the lecture are put into actual use.

That the Normal students realize fully the great value of such a course has been adequately proved by the large number who have elected it. The present class numbers forty, and many were refused admission, because under existing conditions, it was necessary to limit the enrollment. This course is designed to meet a long recognized need. When Normal students go out to teach, they are frequently asked to select, or help to select, a school library and then they feel keenly their own incompetency and deplore their ignorance along such lines.

Much better and more extensive quarters will be apportioned the library when the new Normal School buildings are erected. Under such favorable conditions, we believe that it will develop along other lines as well, until it equals any Normal School library in the United States.



ASSEMBLY



Once a week, usually on Monday, instead of having chorus work, we are favored with a lecture, a musical recital, or some other form of entertainment. We have had the good fortune to have with us some of the most noted educators, lecturers, and musicians of the United States. The following are the most important features of the past year:

September 16. Dr. J. F. Millspaugh, our President, delivered the address of welcome to the new students.

September 30. Rev. E. Stanely Hodgins, "Civic Efficiency."

October 1. Dr. Dana Bartlett addressed the students.

October 14. Dr. F. A. Howe, of L. A. S. N. S. Faculty, "English Literature."

October 18. Dr. George L. Spinning, "American Indians."

October 23. Edmund Vance Cooke, the "Children's Poet," gave several readings from his own works.

November 11. Dr. Philip Van Ness Myers, historian and text-book writer, gave an address.

November 18. Mr. Clifford Howard, "Need of More Words in English Language."

November 24. Miss Seaman, of our English Department, "Riches of the English Language."

December 2. Mr. A. A. Macurda, of L. A. S. N. S. Faculty, "Balkan War."

December 9. Superintendent J. H. Francis, "Home Economics."

December 4. Miss Helen E. Matthewson, "The Proposed Student Government Organization of L. A. S. N. S."

January 9. Frederick Preston Search, noted musician violoncellist, recital, accompanied by Mr. Walter Chapman, at the piano.

January 13. Dr. Nichols, "Greek Drama."

January 17. Rev. Harry F. Ward, social secretary of the Methodist Church, "Am I My Brother's Keeper?"

January 20. Dr. P. Monroe, author of the "History of Education" used in the L. A. S. N. S., gave an address.

January 24. Beginning of Folk-song Recital given by the Special Music Department and the Glee Club, American Folk Songs, Indian and Southern.

January 27. Dr. Nichols, second address on "Greek Drama."

January 31. Second Folk-song Recital, modern American and Hawaiian songs.

February 3. Dr. Nichols, third of the series of talks on "Greek Drama."

February 6. Third Folk-song Recital—Italian, Japanese, and Russian Folk-songs.

February 13. Fourth Folk-song Recital—by the Glee Club—German songs.

March 3. Fifth Folk-song Program—Norwegian Songs. Miss Cornell, soloist from Long Beach, the Glee Club, and Special Music Department participated.

March 12. Prof. French, of Chicago, gave an illustrated lecture on crayon drawing. He also illustrated Browning's "Pied Piper" in the afternoon.

May 12. Dr. Morris E. Turk, a Trip Through Albania.

May 16. Gen. E. C. Bellows, Peace Day Address.

May 19. Mr. H. W. Hochbaum, The Study of Agriculture.



After we have had the Devotional Exercises, the Assembly period each day is given over to chorus work. Mrs. Goodwin, head of the Special Music Department, is our director, and under her wonderful leadership, the enthusiastic body of seven hundred young people has done splendid work. She is indeed an inspiration to all who come in touch with her. In this work the best songs and hymns are sung. It is the aim of the course to furnish students with material which will be suitable for work in the grades. Such songs as "Grow Old Along With Me," the "Largo," and the "Pilgrims' Chorus" are among the number studied. The value of work in such a splendid chorus is very great. Perhaps there are a few who do not realize its importance. However, we believe that every student who has had the good fortune to be in this chorus under Mrs. Goodwin, will at some future time fully realize what a great inspiration the work has been.

For the benefit of the Student Body, a series of Folk-song Recitals has been given once a week during the chorus period. These programs were presented by the Special Music Department and the Girl's Glee Club, under the direction of Mrs. Goodwin, assisted by Miss Blewett. It has been the aim in giving these recitals to familiarize all the students with material that will be useful to them as teachers. The Folk-songs of America, Hawaii, Italy, China, Japan, Russia, Norway and Germany were presented in a very pleasing and effective way. We are sure that the students all feel that these programs have been very valuable in giving suggestive material to use in our future work.

CLASSES

CLASSES



H. LAUMAN —

SENIOR A



MARIE ROE ~
PRESIDENT



BLYTHE WEBB
SECRETARY



NORA SPAIN
VICE-PRESIDENT



CLAIRE BENDER
TREASURER



GENEVA EMMINGTON



IRMA EXLINE



RUTH BALDRIDGE



MABEL MAHER



EDITH THAYER



FAYE EDMISTON



RUTH JENNINGS



MONA MOODY



MARGARET CORCORAN



GERTRUDE GILBERT



HELEN DUNNINGTON



ELSA ASHER



MARGARET DOOHER



MARGUERITE HEARNE



PANSY BOYSE



ANNA DRILL



ANNA WOODS



MYRTLE VAIL



STELLA HANSCOM



LUCY MCKINNEY



BESSIE SUTTON



VALLIE GREER



ELIZABETH MEYERS



FLORENCE WILLETS



WILMA WEBSTER



LULU DARR



LAVINIA WELLS



HELEN BALL



BEULAH ARCHER



MARGUERITE COLLIER



JUNE STEVENS



MARJORIE SAYLOR



LILLIAN HUNT



HAZEL CAMPBELL



ESTHER HOFERT



JESSIE HARMON



ETHEL BERRY



SPENCER WILLIAMS



ELIZABETH SENOUR



MARGARET THOMPSON



ETHEL PASCOE



LESTA ANDREWS



BLANCHE HARNED



ETHEL SCHMECKLE



GRACE CARTER



LILLIAN GREENFIELD



BERNICE DERN



ROBIN RAPP



MARGARET LEW



MARGARET NICKLIN



ADRIENNE MARSAT



HELEN WEBSTER



MYRTLE SAMUELS



FLORENCE SHARPE



EVELYN RYAN



LEON OLDS



RUTH FARRELL



IRENE VARDE



IDA SCHNEIDER



PEARL PALMER



VALENTINE HEIL



DESSA JEPSON



ETHEL SPRY



DAISY TROTT



SYLVIA HURWITZ



ALIDA GRAVERS



MAUD ASHURST



RUTH DANIELS



ISABEL BURRITT



FLORENCE THORNTON



NELLIE REMBERG



MYRTLE DRACHMAN



EDA SCHOFFNER



ANNA DILLIN



ALMA ELLIOTT



MAMIE NORTHCOTT



ALICE REED



GRACE BELIEU



ZENITH SINCLAIR



GLEN RIDDLEBARGER



LOIS CHOATE



MARIE CARVELL



EDITH BEMIS



CLEORA SMITHER



EARL BULLOCK



ANNA ARDIS



LUCY DAILEY



ELSA HARDISON



LEAH CANTHORN



CARMELITA MICHAELS



MARIE EYMARD



HELEN MENDE



ANNETTE HARVEY



IRENE HAWKINS



EDITH DIXON



VERNA CHEZICK



EFFIE NEHER



HELENA McMILLAN



JESSIE HARDESTY



HELEN JOHNSON



RALPH HEYWOOD



MAISIE HOWARD



NORA WILLIS



RUTH FREER



EDNA HEILEMANN



HAZEL PLUMLEY



VIOLA WADEWITZ



RUTH SEELY



BESSIE TURNER



ANABEL BUCHANAN



EUNICE LEVY



CORA VAIL



MARIE HENSLIN



LOWELL DONNELL



BEATRICE KERBIN



IVY CRAWFORD



TEE DOLL



LOUISE BULLARD



ALICE RUCKER



JUANITA SPRAGUE



JESSIE NOVES



ELSIE FARNHAM



BERNICE LANTZ



JESSIE WILSON



EDITH ANDERSON



BESSIE JONES



ANNA DAELY



DORA THOMSON



AGNES FOX



ALMA SNYDER



MARIE FINNEY



EVELYN TORRANCE



HAZEL KENDIG



LULA IRWIN



MATTIE LINFESTY



LILLIE ANDERSON



CLARA GREENE



VIVIEN LOVD



LEORA MASTERS



ETHEL SNYDER



MARY HALLICY



ELLA LANE



FRIEDA BOECKMAN



VIRGIL THORNTON



ROY ELLER



EDNA ROYCE



ELEANOR ALLEN



EMILY MONTGOMERY



LUCILE SCHAFER



ELMA PETERSON



RAE VANVLEET



RACHEL HORNADAY



ROWENA GREEN



MARGARET KUNNEY



FLORENCE MATSON



LOTTIE MONTGOMERY



GOLDSMITH KITTLE



LUCILE PLATT



ALICE MINER



RUTH JORDAN



EDNA PERKINS



LILLIAN LAMPE



IRENE ROBERTS



MARTHA HUNT



GLADYS POLLARD



GEORGIA JOHNSON



VILLA BURKE



FLORENCE BAKER



MARY ATWOOD



RACHEL HEAD



ELEONOR SUTCH



WINNIE SEWELL



VICTORIA CHRISMAN



MARGARET TUTTLE



HELEN CANDLER



RUTH CASS



LILLIE LARSON



FLORENCE KRATKA



WANE BOWEN



ALICE LEAKE



ANNIE CLAYTON



JESSIE LACKEY



ROSE HAMER



FLORENCE MCCARTHY



IRENE MCKENZIE



MARION DODGE



GLADYS INGERSOLL



SADIE SANDERS



ADA SALLSTROM



CORINNE BRAGG



DOROTHY KENNEDY



JENNIE CURTIN



MARIE VIGNES



PAULINE SCHOLZ



OLIVE DOPLIN



EDNA WILLIAMS



DOROTHY MOSES



JENNIE HENSLEE



JUDITH WYNIN



WICKLIFFE STACK



HELEN ROOT



ERMA DUNBAR



MARGARET FERGUSON



RUTH HULL



REBEKAH MARKS



BERTHA CARSON



ALICE RANZONI



MARJORIE CREGAR



HILDA HADDOX



SOPHIE SWEET



GRACE MOGLE



LAURA MILAM



ADA MAYES



ANGIE CROW



MINNIE GARDNER



JENNIE DALE



DOROTHY GRESHAM



ABIGAIL HAYES



EMMA FISHER



KATHLEEN DEELOR



HELEN HOWELL



EUNICE ORCUTT



ILA BROWN



LURA SAWYER



ANNIE BRIM



RUTH DEHN



FAYE WILLIAMS



BLANCHE ROGERS



LELA BRUYN



JULIET MUMME



RUTH HASKELL



MARGUERITE NIMMER



LILLIAN THOMAS



ALICE INGRAM



GERTRUDE ASHER



ETTA O'DONNELL



LAURA HARTLY



HELEN RHODES



ROSALIE MEADOR



MARY WRIGHT



EDNA GOODENOW



AMY BOWERFIND



ELIZABETH MEYERS



BESSIE GOODHUE



BERTHA SHELLENBERGH



BERDINA SMITH



BESSIE SUTTON



ETHEL CRILL



JEAN HASKELL



GRACE PATTERSON



MAY SANDERS



WINIFRED FULLERTON



KATHERINE HOPPE



MARGARET BALL



BLANCHE SHERER



THERESA SAULGNE



GENEVA BELL



RUTH PEABODY



MILDRED BYERS



BESSIE BONHAM



MAMIE MCKNIGHT



FLORA TIEMANN



DENALBA HORINE



MYRTLE WHELDON



CHARLOTTE NEWTON



MAMIE BEASLEY



MARIE AXTMAN



RUTH ST. CLAIRE



BESS BRYANT



DELLA MCCRAY



ANNIE GWILLAM



MABEL NESBIT



HAZEL JACOBS



RUTH PARKER



HARRIET WARE



HELEN NEWTON



GLADYS KNIGHT



HAZEL EATON



LOUISE TAVERNIER



MATTIE ROBERTSON



MIGNONETTE MIQUIL



REBECCA PITMAN



EDNA NICHOLS



OLGA BRAIN



NORA PANGBORN



MARY GLASPEY



CORA MILLER



RALPH WOODS



MARION SMITH



LILLIAN WILSON



JESSIE LADUE



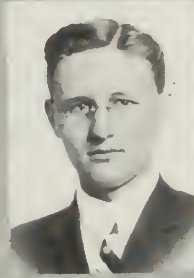
FLORA IRGENS



HELEN KENNARD



ANNA LLOYD



FRED CHAMBERLEN



CLARA BUCKLAND



MARGARET MACKAY



MILDRED MCKAY



ALEX BRADSHAW



MILDRED VANDERVORT



BESSIE LANE



MARGARET MATTHEWS



CLASS HISTORY

September 11, 1911—memorable day! One which we may safely say no member of the class of nineteen hundred thirteen will ever forget.

By 8 o'clock, the halls, stairs, and reception rooms of L. A. S. N. S. were filled to overflowing with jubilant throngs of young knowledge seekers—seekers after wisdom in the profession designated as that of the pedagogue. As each group came eagerly up the steps, the look of enthusiasm written so plainly on their faces changed to one of dismay as they beheld the countless numbers ahead of them; but, nothing daunted, they took their places in the waiting line and waited—and waited—and waited—and waited—and that was the story of many hours. Dismay changed to slight irritation and from that it was but a short step to absolute dejection, accompanied by the gnawing pangs of hunger. But all things come to an end some time, and this day being no exception, it, too, came to an end—the end of the first day at Normal. A fitting beginning for an entering student, shall we say?

The class which entered that day is the largest ever known to have been enrolled in a Normal School, and we have since been informed by good authorities, the most unusual as to ability. We certainly were a surprise to the Faculty, and it seemed at first that they were a little bit non-plussed as to just what they should do with so many of us. It was nearly a week before final adjustments were made and we began work in earnest.

At first it seemed queer to us, "So different from high school," one heard in passing through the halls. Yes—it was very different; the work was not at all like that to which we had been accustomed, and we were really a little bit puzzled as to what it was all about. Of course, most of us had planned to be school teachers for some time and thought we knew something about it, but what had these things which we were learning every day to do with the profession, anyway? Well, for most of us it took at least one term to find out how ignorant we really were, to rid our minds of the foolish ideas which they contained and get them into a receptive state.

In the meantime, friendships were being made both among the students and the faculty, friendships, the influence of which we have already felt and for the permanency of which we sincerely hope for.

The last days of the first term were days of terror. Shivering groups of Jr. C.'s could be seen gathered together in the halls holding whispered

consultations. To pass or not to pass? But finally the dreaded day was over, school closed for the Christmas holidays, and we departed feeling that in spite of first impressions Normal was not a bad place after all.

Our return after the vacation had the effect of making us feel more at home. Then, too, we were Jr. B's. How nice it seemed not to be the lowest in the scale, to feel that there were others in the institution who were more ignorant about it all than we. We took up our work with a greater zest, became acquainted with new members of the faculty, renewed friendships begun in the first term, and began thoroughly to enjoy our work. The middle term being the shortest of the three, the days passed quickly and after a short recess of a week in March, we were embarked upon the home stretch of our Junior year.

For different reasons quite a number of our members had dropped out by this time. We were sorry to lose them, of course, but our number was not greatly diminished, for all through the year new ones came in, taking their places.

Naturally, our Jr. A term was the best of all. A different point of view became ours and we began to realize how worth while that which we were getting really was; also how raw and unsophisticated we had been on entering school.

This term we began to get our first peeps into the training school through our Observation classes. It was here that we were first infused with the real spirit of the teacher. This was our real purpose in coming to Normal, and how very interesting it was. How we "ached" to get down there among the children! But, oh, the revulsion of feeling later on when the experience was really ours!

The weeks flew quickly by and before we realized it summer was upon us. So with many new experiences—some trials, and a great deal of pleasure—our first year at Normal drew to a close.

September 16, nineteen hundred twelve, soon rolled around and found us glad to be back. Yes, "really and truly," glad. Two months' separation was enough to show us that there was something very attractive about Normal after all; some force which drew us toward it in spite of the fun and good times which had been ours during the summer.

We were glad to see one another, and we were glad to greet our friends among the faculty. There were many new faces in this august body which we gladly welcomed, and to our regret many of the old faces were missing.

After a few days of general confusion in getting programs arranged, we got down to work again. Of course, the all-important thing was teaching. We found that to accommodate the large numbers in our class, four of the city schools had been pressed into use as Supplementary Training Schools. Large numbers of the girls were sent out to these schools to do their first term's teaching, and our various assignments furnished quite a bit of excitement for the first week or two.

Many and diversified were the experiences of this first term's teaching, some humorous and some almost pathetic, at least they seemed so to us at the time. One thing we learned, if nothing else. That was, to have

more sympathy with our elders upstairs. Perhaps they did not realize it, though.

Christmas vacation came around. The Senior A class graduated in all their glory and we went up a notch. Senior B's! Our teaching assignments were changed again and we began to feel more at home in the school room, more like old timers, perhaps.

It was during our Senior B term that we organized as a class. Up to this time there had been no organization other than that of the groups. Several candidates were proposed for the different offices and the election was an exciting and hotly contested one, as an election for so large a class should be. Those who attained to the honor of class officers were:

President—Marie Rowe.

Vice-President—Nora Spain.

Secretary—Blythe Webb.

Treasurer—Claire Bender.

The position of an officer of the '13 class is not an enviable one, for her path is not strewn with roses, but our executives show their remarkable ability by carrying us safely through with a memory no more unpleasant than that of a few stormy class meetings.

After a week's vacation in March, we came back and finished the middle term. It seemed as though April 7 would never come, but the day finally dawned, bringing with it the long-desired attainment. At last there was no one to look down upon us, no one who dared dispute our word on any subject, for were we not Senior A's?

With the achievement of this honorable rank, our thoughts began to turn toward June and graduation; the wonderful day when we should receive our diplomas from the time-honored institution, our L. A. S. N. S. We cannot say that that thought brought regret, for one is always glad to gain that for which he has been striving.

Yet there is regret in the thought that our days as students are over; that we four hundred twenty-five young people who have met together each day for two years shall now be separated, each going his own way; that life with its problems is before us, ours to conquer or be conquered. But this thought is replaced by a happier one, for we know that as graduates of the Los Angeles State Normal School we are equipped and ready to go out into life and fulfill the command, "Go forth—and help."



Baccalaureate Sermon

Rev. Wm. Horace Day, D.D., will address the graduating class Sunday, June twenty-second, nineteen hundred thirteen, at the First Congregational Church, Ninth and Hope streets.

Commencement Exercises

Commencement exercises will be held at the Temple Auditorium Friday morning, June twenty-sixth, nineteen hundred thirteen, at ten o'clock. Address by Dr. James A. B. Scheuer, president of Throop Institute of Technology and member of the Board of Trustees.

A Romance of Old Drury

A Comedy of the Crinoline Period

Produced at the Gamut Club, June 19th

Characters (named in order of appearance):

Mrs. Meyer.....	<i>Stella Hanscom</i>
Flockett.....	<i>Jessie Wilson</i>
Jack Spear.....	<i>Esther Hofert</i>
Violet Spangler.....	<i>Marjorie Cregar</i>
Robert Matthews.....	<i>Katharine Hoppe</i>
Reginald Kidd.....	<i>Juliet Mumme</i>
Augustus Coyer.....	<i>Ruth Baldrige</i>
Mrs. Matthews (Miss Crawford).....	<i>Mildred Hutchison</i>
Minetta Aubrey.....	<i>Beatrice Kebin</i>
Sylvia Trenholm.....	<i>Marie Vignes</i>
Chester Bedford.....	<i>Bertha Carson</i>
Maria.....	<i>Maisie Howard</i>
Charles.....	<i>Lucy McKinney</i>
Sir William Bedford.....	<i>Eunice Levy</i>
Dianatha Bedford.....	<i>Loeta Andrews</i>
Captain Twombly.....	<i>Florence Willetts</i>
Amy Twombly.....	<i>Pauline Scholz</i>
O'Hara.....	<i>Jessie Harmon</i>
Mr. Bennett.....	<i>Jennie Henster</i>
Miss Dexter.....	<i>Edna Nichols</i>
Mr. Mortimer.....	<i>Esther Weaver</i>
Mr. Franklyn.....	<i>Ruth Peabody</i>
Doorkeeper.....	<i>Wickliffe Stack</i>

Act I—Theatrical Lodgings of Mr. and Mrs. Matthews at Mrs. Meyer's, Clapham Crescent. May.

Act II—Sir William Bedford's house in Cavendish Square. June.

Act III—Sylvia's room at Mrs. Meyer's. December.

Act IV—The stage of The Pantheon Theatre. A few days later.

History of the Senior B Class



The illustrious class of Senior B's has been illuminating the Normal world for five long terms, and it is feared that all activities will stop, that even the m-a-l-e-s will cease to come in, when the light is withdrawn in December of 1913. The Senior B's are not many in number, but the select never are. June is a very common time for being graduated. March is altogether too quiet, but December is lovely—yes, the month of holidays is just the time for the selected few.

Why is this class so popular? You would only need to be a member for a short time to know. They are as mischievous as Dr. Fernald likes to see them; as dignified as Miss Patterson; intelligent enough to please Dr. Waddle; and their appreciation of Shakespeare and all elevated literature is an inspiration even to Miss Seaman, their group teacher. They are, in short, just the proper thing at the proper time.

Do they ever cut class! Never—except when it is necessary in order to be present at one of those straw-ride or lawn parties, cross-country walks, swims at the beach, hard-time parties, rehearsals for a class play, or the like. "Cuts" might be necessary oftener, if it were possible to take lessons in "Campus-try," but that is impossible when so few of "the opposite sex" are in the school.

Taking it all in all, the Senior B's are "It."

Oh, What a Time

One of the best times the Senior B's had was when, dressed in bloomers and coats, they went to the peak of Mt. Lookout. They forced their way through a tempest a long way up the trail until they found shelter with a young miller. They rode in a Rodier An(d)son machine which creaked at every turn, and they probably would never have reached their destination had they not had with them an Oylear. On their way, they talked to a Shepherd who suggested that they Phillip(s) on Beer(s) at an inn near by. Did they? Of course, they had a big dinner which was cooked over a Fern fire, Cole being scarce. The other good times have not been recorded, but they have had many such as this.

Monologue of a Senior C

"Hello, Miriam; how are you? I haven't seen you for ages. Yes; of course, you may sit beside me, only you mustn't talk. They don't allow conversation here in the library, and, anyhow, I just have to study this history lesson. I am taking History I, you understand.

"What have I been doing with myself? Why, you silly girl; do I need to tell you that for the past term I have been studying as never a girl studied before? You ought to hear my program. Besides taking all the hardest subjects in the curriculum, I have to come at 8 o'clock and stay until 4 three times a week. But, really now, I must study. You see, if I don't get the rest of my history lesson during this period I shall have to study it this evening, and I want to come to the big Senior C party tonight. You hadn't heard of it! Why, it's going to be the talk of the town. Don't tell anyone, but I have heard that a reporter is going to be here to take our pictures. Whom am I coming with? Oh, just a friend of mine. Really, Miriam, you mustn't ask me any more questions, because after I get this history lesson I have a plan to write. This is my first term at the teaching business, you know, and what those critic teachers don't expect of a person! I teach grammar, and I am actually supposed to remember all that work we had in English III.

"You see that girl across the table? Well, she is in my Child Study class and the knowledge she has of that subject is simply appalling. I suppose she is reading for her term paper now. I ought to get busy on mine, I know, but every time I come for the books, someone is using them. I was here twice last week for one book and both times it was out, so I just made up my mind to let it go until I have more time.

"But now I am going to study. Oh, look! I brought my old Psychology book, instead of my History. Isn't that provoking? Well, I'll just get busy on that plan; it will have to be done some time, anyhow. But what a calamity! My fountain pen is dry and my filler is home, and—there goes the first bell! No use to try to do anything in these last five minutes. A whole period gone and I haven't accomplished one single thing. But never mind, we have had a nice chummy talk, haven't we, Miriam? And I will study going home on the car."

JUNIOR A PRESIDENTS



LUCILE MOODY
JR: A 1



GEORGIA MILLER
JR: A 8



MARGARET ORTH
JR: A 2



LURA WILCOX
JR: A 5



MADLINE JAMES
HOME ECONOMICS



BERDIE COFFIN
JR: A 3



HELEN BYRON
JR: A 6



WILLIAM HOIST
MANUAL ARTS



VIOLET LVAL
JR: A 4



LETHA RANCY
JR: A 7



ELIZABETH SARGENT
SPECIAL ART

History of the Junior A Class

I am the School Ghost! Ah, I see you have never heard of me. That is not surprising as I have a very retiring disposition, and usually render myself inconspicuous in public. I have walked through the halls of Normal by day and by night for so many years that I now know more of the school history, past and present, than do any of the faculty, even Miss Dunn. Yes, indeed, Miss Dunn knows me, but only as the "Spirit of the Lost Locker Keys." You hear the clanking of my chains? I pride myself on the collection,—192,963 locker keys, all in excellent condition, representing years of patient search and careful hoarding.

Why am I doomed to haunt these halls? The tale is too long and harrowing to repeat. I will only say that I must always accompany the battered remains of poor "Peter" in room P. When his few remaining bones have been laid to rest, I, too, will be at peace.

As I was saying, I know all that has transpired within these walls,—all the joys and sorrows of all the classes that have been here. I have seen students come and students go; I have seen classes that were good, and classes that were not so good, but among them all I remember none that could be compared with the present class of Junior A's. It is the largest class in school, and its quality is even more conspicuous than its quantity.

Yes, the Junior A's are enrolled in all the courses,—General, Academic, Kindergarten, Special Art, Special Music, Manual Training, and Home Economics. Many of my Junior A's are learning to cook scientifically, and I can vouch for the excellence of their dishes. You didn't know ghosts could eat? Of course they can! Haven't you noticed the apple cores left in the book racks in Assembly?

They are engaged now in mastering the intricacies of grammar and studying psychology. They have succeeded fairly well in acquiring the viewpoint of the teacher, and they are now investigating the modifiable elements of their personality.

Certainly, I am a well-educated ghost. I often become so interested in the lessons I hear that I volunteer a remark myself, but the teacher always mistakes it for a whisper in the class. When you think of it, the presence of a ghost in the school explains many mysterious things.

Have you noticed that the Junior A's always appear in full force on festive occasions? There was the school picnic on the new Normal site, which the wind helped to make a "howling success." I went there with my brother ghost, School Spirit, and we had a glorious time. When I think of the new Normal School, I always feel sad, for I fear that then I shall be separated from my class of Junior A's, as they expect to graduate in the new building. If it were only possible for "Peter" to last that long! In any event, I have made arrangements with my brother, School Spirit, to go on with the class of Junior A's and lead them to success and glory.

History of the Junior B Class



January 1, 1913, marked the beginning of a new era in the Los Angeles State Normal School. It was the entrance date of the Junior B Class. Since as to try to get a bill then people have begun to take notice. They have even gone so far through Congress making the Normal School a Teachers' College.

Various other things of just such character are now continually breaking in on the once quiet halls of the old building,

and it would seem that we had "started something."

At the first of the year our class was divided into two groups, Jr. B 1's and Jr. B 2's. As the Jr. B 1's never seemed to make themselves very conspicuous, a party was planned to see if we might all become better acquainted. It was some party, a "News-paper Frolic," and a frolic it was indeed. I'm sure no one but the Jr. B. class could have originated a more unique and delightful affair.

The class considers itself very fortunate in being able to associate with such an efficient corps of teachers, with Dr. Millpaugh and Miss Dunn at their head. They are a noble and earnest group of workers, and I'm sure we all feel their broadening and uplifting influence. They have been very instrumental in making the school the institution it is today, and long after we have graduated we will still feel the effect of their wonderful personalities.

History of the Junior C Class



Perhaps the present class of Junior C's have not created any noticeable sensation; perhaps they have not thus far attracted much attention, nevertheless they are a class full of spirit and enthusiasm for their new Alma Mater.

Not long ago the class had a mountain tramp and picnic. It was a splendid success. More than half of the class, accompanied by Miss Hollister, tramped from East Glendale to Paradise

Park. Everyone contributed generously to a delightful basket lunch, which was greatly relished in the shade of the spreading sycamores. Their costumes gave a distinctly Western atmosphere. In fact, some small urchins, returning with pole and tackle, were heard to remark as they passed, "Let's stay and watch them take the movies."

After leaving the sycamores, it was a warm and long walk before they were rewarded again by finding shade and a cooling breeze. But they soothed their discomfort by singing songs of babbling brooks and shady nooks. From 9:00 a. m. until 5:00 p. m. good fellowship reigned, and the Los Angeles State Normal may expect some lively co-operation from this new class. Their congeniality as a class was well demonstrated at their first social gathering.

SOCIETY

SOCIETY



SOCIAL EVENTS

The social events which occurred during the Senior year of the Summer Class of '13 are characteristic and well worth mentioning.

School Picnic, Fall, 1912

We cannot forget the school picnic which we had on the grounds of the new school site.

We left the Normal School in groups about one o'clock in the afternoon. Each group was distinguishable from the others by the various color schemes which were carried out to a great advantage. From the school we went to the Fourth Street Station, where special cars had been provided for us. On the way, there was much talk and laughter, which showed how care-free and happy we were.

When the picnic grounds were reached, each section grouped together and ate luncheon.

Dr. Millspaugh talked to the students and teachers about the new school which is to be erected in the near future. As you all know, Dr. Millspaugh has been one of the most earnest advocates of the new school, and it is largely through his untiring efforts that appropriations have been made for it.

A little later, as it was growing dark, we took our leave, all firmly convinced that a wise selection had been made in the choice of a site for our Alma Mater.

Valentine Dance, February, 1913

On the evening of this event there was an air of excitement about the school. This seemed to emanate from the brilliantly lighted building itself. As we entered the main hall, the warmth and brightness which permeated the place could not but be felt and appreciated by all. So, with light hearts we advanced down the hall, at the end of which we found that the bridge had taken on an entirely new appearance. This change had been made with the aid of a few rugs, and several artistically arranged ferns. However, though the general effect was pleasing, we did not linger there long, but proceeded to the "gym."

Upon entering it, the sight which greeted our eyes was dazzling. Stretched from balcony to balcony were thousands of red hearts which made a veritable maze of brilliant color above us. Added to this, there were groups of green pepper boughs, arranged in various parts of the room. These, intermingled with their bright red berries, gave greater brightness and charm to the general effect.

However, the people who gazed upon all this beauty are quite as worthy of comment. The girls were attired in soft, alluring evening dresses which,

in contrast with the dark evening suits of the men, seemed additionally attractive. Besides the girls and their escorts there were quite a number of the faculty present, making about two hundred people on the floor. Miss Jacobs, in her calm stateliness, presided over all. Other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Shepardson, Mr. and Mrs. Angier, Dr. and Mrs. Waddle, Miss Hazen, and Dr. Miller.

Before the dancing started, a program of several numbers was given. First, Miss Mathews favored us with a solo, after which Annabel Buchanan gave an artistic Spanish dance. Miss Andrews, who has an unusually fine contralto voice, then sang for us, as did also Miss Drachman. Miss Dutton played "Dawn" from the Pier Gynt Suite, which was highly appreciated. Following her came Dr. Miller, who, it is quite unnecessary to say, completely charmed us as he sang, accompanied by his ukulele.

Miss Ramona Little, a violinist of known reputation, played for us, after which Miss Robinson sang with her usual sweetness. Last of all came Miss Hanscome, who gave a reading which savored of Valentine's day.

After this, there was dancing for the remainder of the evening. Also, there was fortune telling for those who did not dance, or those who cared to risk their future in the hands of a sage gypsy (Miss Andrews). When finally the time came for us to leave, there were many audible sighs, and we wondered how the evening could have passed so quickly.

Faculty Reception, April, 1913

The first notable event of our Senior A term occurred when the Faculty gave a reception to the entire school. Think what a great undertaking that was! And yet, who can do other than feel that our faculty was more than equal to it! However, much though we realized their capability, our expectations were more than realized in the original preparations which had been made for our pleasure and entertainment.

How can we best describe our feelings upon entering the hall that evening! We were cordially greeted by several of the faculty members, among whom were Miss Wells and Miss Collier, who directed us to one of several tables, where we were told we could be "labeled." Cards, with the Normal seal on them, had been prepared for this purpose, and several members of the faculty assisted in writing the guests' names on these.

After receiving this means of identification we proceeded down the main hall. As we drew near the "gym," exquisite strains of music floated softly to our ears.

Upon entering the gymnasium, the sight which greeted our eyes is difficult to describe. Beautifully attired women and a few soberly dressed men were standing in groups around the room, and made the general effect brilliant. The gymnasium itself was transformed into a veritable drawing room, by means of its artistic, simple appointments.

During the evening there was much happy talk and gay laughter, above which could be heard melodious strains of music. Also, we were honored by solos from Dr. Miller and Mr. Macurda.

The reception was voted a success by all, and we were more than ever proud of our Faculty.

The Senior A Banquet, May, 1913

This was the great "come out" affair of the Senior A's, and there was much preparation, that success might be assured.

Picture, if you can, a richly furnished room in which beautiful girls, gay laughter, and an occasional man, figured, and you have the opening scene of our banquet, which was held at the Mt. Washington Hotel. The members of the class had gathered in the reception room with the guests of honor, and were passing the time in exchanging pleasantries as they waited for the dinner hour. Finally it came, and different members of the class prepared to escort the guests into the dining room. Our guests were the President and Mrs. Millspaugh, our group teachers and their wives, Miss Dunn, Miss Porter, the supervisors of teaching, Mrs. Shepardson and Miss Ethel Wallop.

We passed over a quaint little rustic bridge, under which was a cool stream of water, and entered the gaily decorated dining room.

Our class president, Marte Roe, presided as toast mistress, and it did not take her long to convince us that she was a veritable second Mark Twain as she gave her decidedly clever characterizations and introductions of the faculty members who were to give toasts.

Dr. Millspaugh was the first of these, and spoke on "The State Normal School." His talk was both interesting and instructive. Miss Dunn, who is always doing unusual things, succeeded in arousing our curiosity. She spoke of the Goulds, the Astors, and the Vanderbilts, then, in order to break the tension, explained her reference to these people by saying that she was going to give a toast to the "Four Hundred." Mr. Shepardson's toast on "Songs of the Trail" was entertaining and convinced us of his ability as a singer.

"Life's Training School," the next toast, was given by Miss Osgood. As she stood in our midst, and spoke in her calm, forceful way, we could not but feel the power of her strong personality.

Miss Wells spoke on "How to Bring Up a Boy." Knowing that she has had first hand experience, with her nephew, we were interested in her viewpoint on the matter, and enjoyed her talk very much.

Miss Porter was to have addressed us for a few minutes, but was unable to do so because of trouble with her voice. We were all disappointed, for, judging from what we know of Miss Porter, we missed something worth while.

"Last, but not least," Miss Mathewson was asked to give the "wind-up" speech. This she did in her own inimitable way, and afforded us much pleasure in so doing.

Miss Roe then suggested that we repair to the parlor and dance, a suggestion which we at once carried out.

When the time came for us to leave, we all declared that we had had a delightful time and hoped that we should have another such gathering soon.

High Jinks Ball, May, 1913

On the afternoon of May 23, the day set for the "High Jinks Ball," people of all kinds and descriptions gathered in the lunch rooms. In fact, all the members of the Senior A Class who could possibly do so, came.

As the "select" company gathered, peals of laughter came from the cafeteria. And no wonder! Clowns, cannibals, Japanese ladies, little girls, newsboys, college boys, cowboys, Hans, Lady Macbeth, and a count, and other people of like importance were continually making their appearance. When finally all had arrived, we ate luncheon, amid much laughter and exchange of pleasantries.

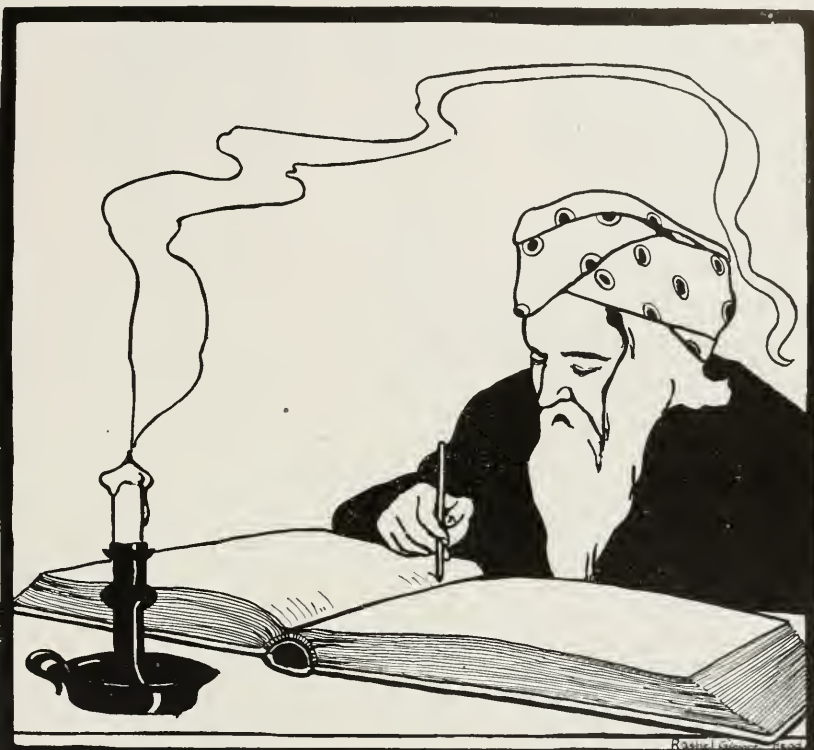
After this, we all went to the "Gym," and each one was given a dance program which was quite characteristic of the occasion. The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing. During the intermission, Miss Dunn and the cannibals entertained us with a cake walk. Punch was served on the Bridge.

Our guests were: Miss Osgood, Miss Comstock, Miss Matthewson, Miss Wallop, Miss Jacobs, Miss Seaman, Miss Hazen, Miss Grunewald and Mrs. Hunnewell.

The enjoyable evening passed all too rapidly, and the High Jinks Ball was declared a great success.



ORGANIZATIONS



ORGANIZATIONS



LUCILE ROBERTS
PRESIDENT



MILDRED MCKAY
VICE - PRESIDENT



BLANCHE GRIFFITH
SECRETARY



ANNA LLOYD
TREASURER

ASSOCIATED STUDENTS

Two years ago, in response to a long-felt need, the Associated Student Body Organization was established. It has as its aim the harmonizing of the various activities of the school. The officers are elected once a year by the students and correspond to the officers of any organization.

In June, 1912, at an exciting election, the following student body officers for the ensuing year were elected:

President—Miss Lucile Roberts.

Vice-President—Miss Mildred J. McKay.

Treasurer—Miss Anna E. Lloyd.

Secretary—Miss Blanche Griffith.

During the second term Miss Roberts was obliged to leave school on account of ill health, but through her earnest efforts the affairs of the student body had been started. Miss Mildred McKay has most efficiently carried on the work. By introducing business system, Miss Lloyd has brought the accounting of the organization to a system of concentration and simplicity. Where laxity formerly prevailed, responsibility has taken its place. The student body is, indeed, to be congratulated upon having Miss Lloyd for one of its officers. Miss Griffith, in her capacity of secretary, has been most faithful in the exercise of her duties.

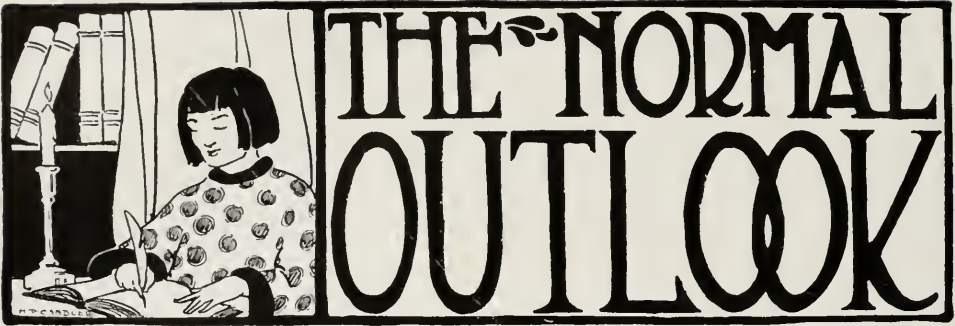
The Executive Committee

The Executive Committee is composed of the Student Body Officers and a representative from each section. It has complete control over all matters relating to the financial conditions of the Student Body. Dues are collected to help defray the expense of publishing "The Outlook." Through the efforts of the Executive Committee and by the kindness of the Faculty, two assembly periods a month have been set aside for Student Body Affairs.

One of the pleasant features of the first term was a Student Body picnic on the new Normal School site. This gave opportunity for getting acquainted with the faculty, and all who attended had an enjoyable time.

Normal Cafeteria

The purpose of the Normal Cafeteria is to allow the students, faculty, and the pupils of the Training School, to obtain a hot and wholesome lunch. It is self-supporting, but is not intended to be a money-making investment.



The Normal School Outlook is a bi-weekly published by the students of the Normal School. The members of the staff are elected by the Student Body at large, recommendations being given to the Executive Committee of the Student Body Organization.

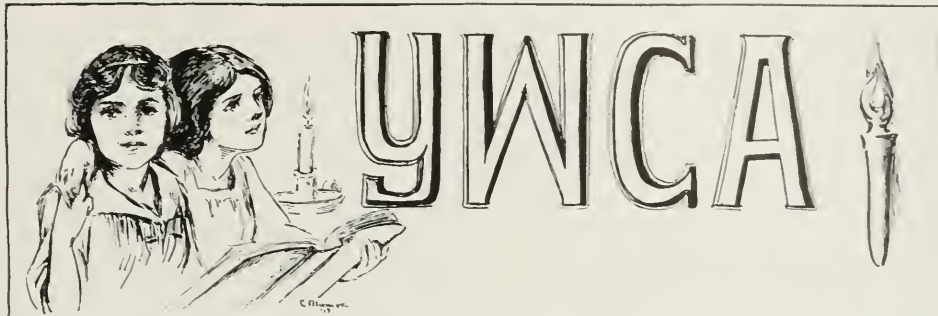
Until last year the Outlook was published in magazine form, and was sold to the students. Last year the staff decided to publish it in newspaper form, and with the Student Body dues and the advertising columns as a financial resource, to distribute the paper gratis. This newspaper form has been continued until lately, when the new staff decided that it would be well to revert to the magazine form. In the first place, the magazine is more compact, easier to handle, and on the whole, looks better than the newspaper. Besides, the newspaper form seems more appropriate for a daily than for a bi-weekly publication.

The Outlook has tried to be fully representative of all the interests and activities of the school, social, athletic, literary, and religious.

The aim of the staff has always been to make this paper a true and worthy exponent of the School, and if we have succeeded to any degree, it is in great part due to the support of the Student Body.

The Book Store

The Book Store has become one of the school necessities. It meets a need that cannot be met in any other way. It assists both the school and the students. Books are rented and sold, and all other supplies needed in school work are handled. The manager is elected every term. During the past year Miss Goodhue was manager of the first term, and Miss Hayes the second term. Both managers were most capable. Our new book-store manager, Miss Oral Gillette, promises to equal her predecessors in ability.



Many interesting events take place on the third floor of the Los Angeles State Normal in the Association Room of the Y. W. C. A. Sometimes a missionary, straight from Guatamala, with tales of the things that come to pass in America's back yard, holds the girls in the Committee Room spell-bound with interest. Perhaps the alluring fragrance of simmering fudge, together with the sounds of light-hearted chatter and laughter, pervades the whole third floor. Then, you may know that a fudge party is in progress. After all, the most enjoyable hours in the Committee Room are those given to the Bible Study and Mission Study classes.

All of us chafe occasionally under that frequent accusation of provincialism. There's nothing like a thorough-going course in Bible Study or some wide awake Mission Study class to give even a Normal student the world-vision. Two just such broadly educational classes were given this term:—one on the Balkan War, another on the Chinese Revolution.

Or perhaps, we need, all of us, more of the vision of Los Angeles more as she is, as a basis for a vision of the world. The study of Los Angeles, her highways and byways, her rapidly increasing foreign quarters, her cosmopolitan population, is indeed a fitting preface to a study of the world. Such a study, theoretical and practical, is offered to the members of the Social Service Committee, and anyone who will may belong.

Another spot dear to the heart of the Association girl is Room "S" where on Thursdays at 3 o'clock, we gather for the weekly meeting of the Christian Association. Many of us are busy; in fact, we all claim to be, but those "breathing spells" are times of inspiration and rest. There we have heard such speakers as Dr. MacAffee of Berkeley; Tom Haney, the "Cow Boy Preacher," and Rev. Lerrigo of China, and right glad we've been for each message.

As for our jollifications, they're anything but "few and far between." In fact, we've been accused of being the gayest, most care-free crowd of girls in school—at our parties.

And now, for what do we stand in Normal—we girls of the Young Women's Christian Association? This is our ideal—the highest life for all students, socially, intellectually, spiritually—that our Lord Christ may be glorified.



STUDENT BODY



"Student Government," or government by the students, was introduced into the life of the Los Angeles State Normal Students in September, the year 1912.

It has been a year full of incidents, complex problems, and an experimental one in many ways; for there have been problems that have deeply vexed even "councilmen."

A tremendous task that was undertaken by the Student Government was that of supervising and

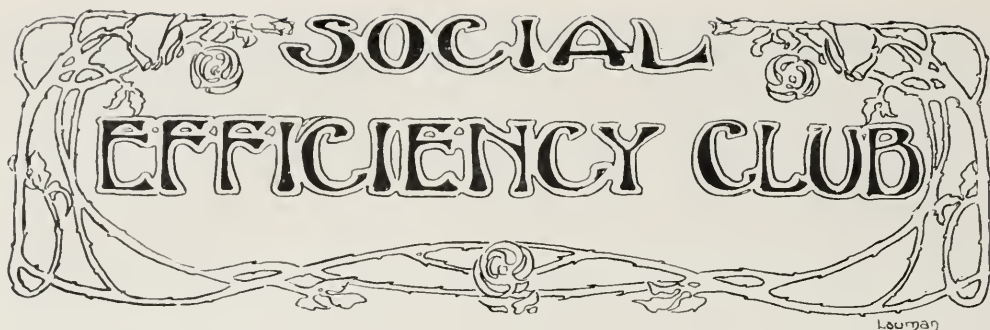
regulating attendance. It was the desire of the Council to investigate those students who absented themselves three or more times from classes during the term. Because of the small number of committeemen and the large number of absentees, this plan was abolished after a term's experiment.

The care of the grounds has been another branch of our work this term. Many additional rubbish receptacles have been placed upon the grounds for the students' use. Although they have not enhanced the natural beauty of the grounds, they have served a decidedly useful purpose.

Council members have aided Miss Dunn in seating the Assembly and in taking the roll daily at Chapel exercises.

The President of the Student Government Organization, Miss Bertha Carson, has been most active and energetic at all times. She has guided lost "ships" across rough seas to safety and has always found a "means to an end" at the right time. Her services as president will be appreciated by those who follow her in office and in work.

Student Government has had its initiation year, and now, fellow students of the State Normal School, it is your duty as loyal citizens to support the new movement in the coming year. It will be a success if you wish it to be. It's your opportunity to govern "self" and, incidentally, your institution. With the faculty's co-operation, your earnest aid, and your splendid new leaders, there is great opportunity for improvement over the work of your predecessors. We wish you hearty success, Student Government!



SOCIAL EFFICIENCY CLUB

Lauman

S. E. C., being interpreted, stands for the "Social Efficiency Club," a group of girls who are much more informal than such a name implies. The Club was organized primarily to be of assistance to new students at the beginning of each term. Especially were we busy last September when over three hundred Juniors entered this Temple of Pedagogy for the first time, and would have wandered aimlessly about but for the guiding hand of an S. E. C.

This year other work has been undertaken. At Christmas time the girls chose the Children's Hospital as an institution in which whatever Christmas cheer we could bring would be greatly appreciated. Quilting was bought and made by the girls into thirty little quilts for the baby cribs at the hospital.

Socially, this Club has been one of the most active in school. A glorious candy pull was held in the Kindergarten rooms in December to herald the election of new members that month. After the girls had pulled more taffy than they could possibly eat and had fed the remainder to hungry-looking Training School boys, music and dancing was enjoyed.

A delicious luncheon was served on the lower lawn, March 27, in honor of the two S. E. C. graduates and new members elected for the spring term. We were sorry to see Isabel MacIntyre and Franc Palmer leave our Club, but we were glad to be able to wish them good luck as they preceded us to the ranks of our chosen profession.

Every second Wednesday the lower lawn is the rendezvous of a jolly crowd of girls who eat lunch together and incidentally transact any business which the president brings before them. Miss Porter, the Senior A's friend, is always there to join in our fun and add her valuable suggestions to the plans.

The roll of this Club is composed of representatives from the different Junior A and Senior classes. The membership is now as follows: Emma Adams, Lucile Bartlett, Helen Candler, Bertha Carson, Carol Caskey, Mary Clark, Angie Crew, Alice Bradshaw, Minnie Gardner, Marjorie Hardy, Rachel Head, Helen Howell, Hester Lauman, Margaret Mackay, Arline Magor, Lucile Middaugh, Charlotte Newton, Helen Newton, Eunice Orcutt, Kathleen Peelor, Olive Poplin, Evelyn Ryan, Helen Root, Lillian Thomas, Mildred Vandevort, Evelyn Webster, Olive West, Ruby West, Laura Wilbur, Lydia Yoemans.



Among the many avenues to knowledge and pleasure afforded by clubs and various organizations of the State Normal School, the Geography Club plays no small part.

This interesting and instructive Club was organized in May of 1910, for the purpose of giving students and teachers opportunity of hearing men and women who have traveled in various parts of the world, give us the benefit of their travels. Almost without exception the lectures have been illustrated and in many cases with beautifully colored views shown by the stereopticon. Indeed, we have been carried, in imagination, to Europe, Asia, Africa, and South America, and to notable places in North America. To give a better idea, the following are some of the subjects that have been presented: "A Trip in the High Sierras;" "The Grand Canyon, Petrified Forests and Cliff Dwellers;" "Yellowstone Park;" "Eastern Alaska;" "Canada, Old and New;" "South America;" "The Canal Zone;" "The Modes of Travel in Europe;" "Palestine;" "Constantinople;" "The Balkan States;" "Egypt;" "The Sunrise Kingdom."

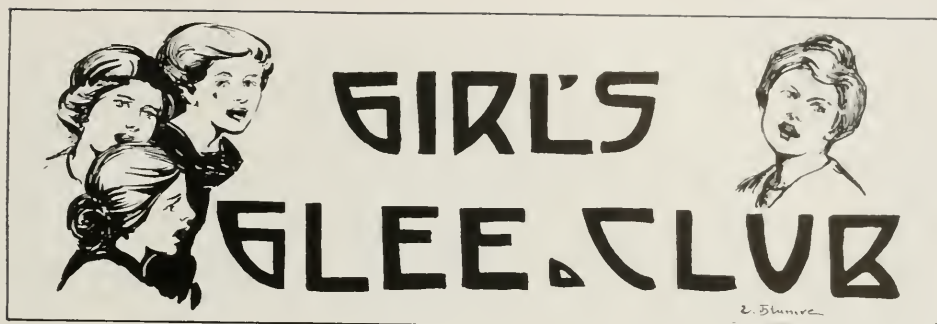
The attendance at the Club has been good, and sometimes the room has been crowded to its limit. This is what we want; we shall be glad to be crowded out and forced to seek a larger hall. In regard to the latter, however, we need not worry, as the New Normal School will afford us ample accommodations.

What are the requirements for membership in the Geography Club, may be asked. They are simple and within the reach of all. Fees, there are none; regular attendance is not compulsory, but one will readily see that attendance is to his advantage. So, bear in mind that a cordial invitation is extended at all times.

In conclusion, we, the members of the Club, are pleased to use this opportunity to express our gratitude and appreciation to our esteemed teacher and friend, Mr. Chamberlain, through whose untiring efforts so many able speakers have come before our Club. Also to Miss Sweet, the president, to whom no small amount of praise is due for her faithful co-operation in this work; and to Miss Miquel, the secretary who has kept a careful record of all the meetings.

Great as has been the influence of the Geography Club in the past, there is every reason to believe that its achievements will be still greater in the future.





They wanted to see what it looked like in the "big girls' school upstairs," and so after three o'clock, when nearly everyone had gone home, two tiny boys started on their tour of investigation. Up one flight of stairs—nothing much to see except a janitor sweeping sawdust from the halls. Up a few more steps, when, "Hark, I hear some music, maybe it's a band! Hurry up." A little longer climb and now only a door separated them from—what? "It isn't a band; it must be fairies singing." Closer they crept, all atiptoe, and expectant. "I'll bet it's angels. Let's peek and see." "Oh!"

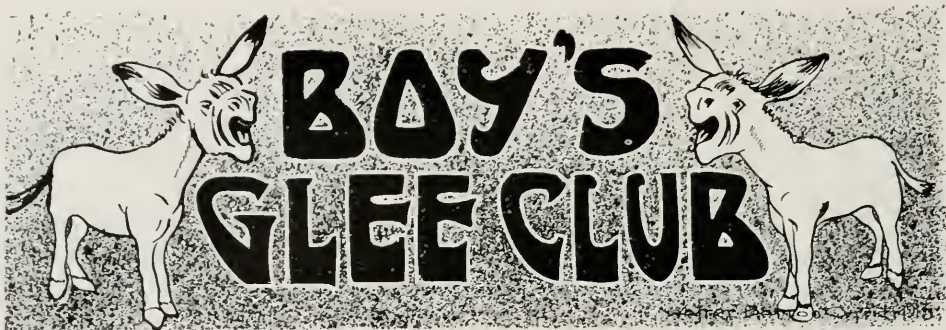
They didn't faint; little boys don't faint, you know; but what had they seen? Angels? Fairies? No. In the front of the room were seated rows of girls, howling in a distressing manner. As the little fellows looked, the girls blinked their eyes, wrinkled their faces, and now and then gasped as though in agony. Facing the girls stood a little lady, waving her arms in a hazardous fashion, as she vainly endeavored to keep time with the sounds which the girls emitted.

What had the boys seen? Do you need to be told? It was the Glee Club at practice.

The wonders of the Glee Club are too various and too numerous to be mentioned here, for, as perhaps you have heard, even

"The lark and the linnet
Really are not in it
With the jolly, jolly singers of the Glee."

These same jolly songsters are feeling sorrowful when they think of the end of the present term, when about one-half of their number will be graduated, including their popular and efficient president, Myrl Colby. However, as long as they have Miss Blewett as their directress, who is the stanchest, truest member of the Glee, they feel certain that even with the loss of so many of its members, the Glee will go on winning laurels for itself and for Los Angeles Normal.



Last year, in November, the young men of the Los Angeles State Normal School became possessed with the desire to get together occasionally and work off some of their surplus energy by means of the gentle art of song-making. Mr. Macurda was chosen as the one best fitted for the position of director of such an organization as the young men desired to bring into existence. On November 5, 1912, the club met and bravely attacked one of the numbers which may be found sleeping peacefully in the chorus book, a number known by the title, "Who Is Sylvia?" After vainly striving to answer the question, a committee was appointed to go to several of the local music stores and select some chorus books for male voices. In due time a book was chosen which seemed to meet the requirements of the organization. Each Wednesday afternoon finds the young men gathered about the piano making such harmony as has never been equalled around these parts, before or since.

Some months later, a club member had a dream and saw a vision of black men whose skins were white, which being interpreted means too much chocolate ice cream. At any rate, the organization soon began making preparations for a minstrel show. After several weeks, the club gave a performance in the Auditorium on May 12. Such a success as was attained was a great surprise to all. Among the songs were "Under Southern Skies," "Way Down South," and another, the words of which were written by one of the club members, Mr. Phillips. Two solos were given by members of the club. Mr. Macurda very ably directed the performance, and Mr. Miller took the part of interlocutor, doing himself proud in that capacity.

After the minstrel show little interest was taken in the organization for some time because of the approach of examinations and the beginning of a new term. However, the men of the institution again got together a week or two before the Outlook management gave its great vaudeville sketch, "The 57 Varieties," and worked up two or three numbers for the performance.

The young men wish to thank Mr. Macurda for his invaluable assistance in working up the minstrel show which they gave, and in rehearsing the songs for the vaudeville performance. In the future the Club hopes to be able to make more musical music and at the same time serve as an outlet for surplus energy.



The Story Teller's Club was organized for the purpose of having its members obtain practice in story-telling and in hearing stories well told. The first meeting was held October 23, 1912. The following officers were elected: President, Josephine Sayers; Secretary, Ella Lane.

After discussing the kind of work to be taken up, a plan was adopted in which stories for the lower grades were taken first, and then those for higher grades. The manner of selecting the members to tell the stories was left to a program committee, and those selected chose their own stories. Many excellent stories were told by the members.

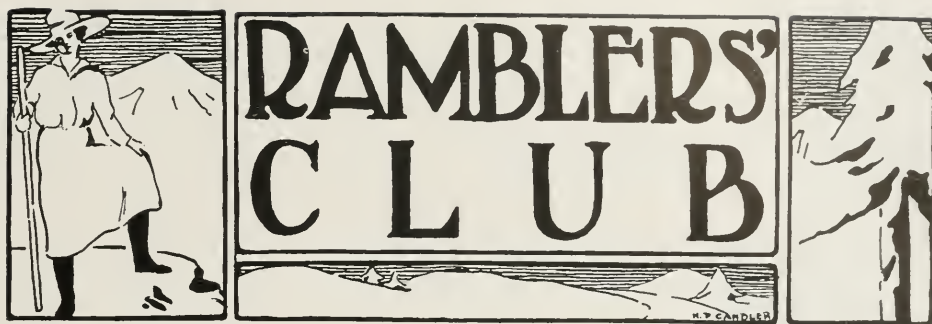
One feature of the club was to have the roll called and an anecdote as the response. However, this was done only on certain occasions.

Miss Seaman favored the club from time to time with most interesting talks and the reading of several delightful poems. Miss Patterson gave an informal talk in which she showed the importance of the story in the child's life. The club also enjoyed several Bible stories and fairy stories told by Miss Veverka in her wonderfully charming manner.

The programs were most enjoyable and those taking part derived much benefit from the presentation of stories.

RAMBLERS' C L U B





The Rambler Club, as its name indicates, is a "Society for the Prevention of the Extinction of Hiking." Its avowed purpose is to take frequent trips to wild and picturesque places where intense silence usually reigns and where school and books can be forgotten.

Begun in January, 1912, by members of the present Senior A class, the Rambler Club has had an eventful career. Many delightful trips have been made to canyons and parks. Besides the pleasure of visiting the country, there is also the social side of the Club. On our hikes and at our noon luncheons a jolly spirit of comradeship has prevailed and smoothed the way for pleasure.

The first trip of the autumn term was a "wiener bake" in Griffith Park. This occurred on the afternoon of the National election day. Entering at the Hollywood entrance, we found a peaceful place that had unusual facilities for lunching. A stone fireplace served as a stove for preparing coffee and wieners and later served for a bonfire around which a jolly crowd gathered to sing familiar songs and tell progressive stories. Home again, we went to find our old friend, work, patiently awaiting our return.

Our next venture as a Club was a camping party at the head of Millard Canyon. The camp is located five miles up the canyon and is reached by following a pipe line and path. To do this at night was the problem of the members who took the trip in the evening after school. Midnight found them tired and uncertain as to their location, so they camped for the night. At daybreak they found they had camped a very short distance from their destination. The weather was delightful and our stay at the camp so pleasant that all were quite willing to remain for "months and months and months."

Evidently, Millard Canyon is the favorite "hike" of the Club, for another trip to the camp was made in April of this year. Millard Canyon justly deserves the popularity which we have given it because of its length, depth, and variety of scenery. We hope that it will be possible for the Club to enjoy its coolness and beauty once more before the end of the term, when those who are now Senior A's will cease to be active in the Club. The many pictures taken on these various trips will remind us of our best times while in Normal.



The organization of the Social Settlement Club was a result of the appeal for social service made to her students by Dr. Grace Fernald, through her classes in applied psychology.

It so happened that a group of boys, ranging in age from twelve to eighteen, who were living in a rooming-house on North Main street, was discovered at the "psychological moment," offering an opportunity for unlimited work. When it was learned that the Bethlehem Institution, under whose management the place was conducted, would welcome any help in making the place a more desirable home for the boys, a group of students banded themselves into an organization and began immediately to plan a Los Angeles Hull House. The Club membership had reached seventy-five at the close of two weeks. Everyone was assigned to work. Curtains, counterpanes, books, pictures, and pennants began to accumulate. Basket-ball, and other gymnasium equipment was installed in a large room at the home.

Thanksgiving evening found a happy group of Normal students, Dr. Fernald, her nephew Michael, Miss Sullivan and her brother, together with Rev. Benj. Reutepolar and family, enjoying a turkey dinner with ten happy boys in their new gymnasium.

On Christmas, Dr. Fernald and Michael entertained the boys at their home in Hollywood. The first guest arrived at 7 a. m., whereupon the day's festivities began. There were motorcycle excursions, a trip into the hills, games of ball, followed by a sumptuous Christmas dinner. A long automobile ride brought the day to a happy close.

Unfortunately, the first of the year saw the boys' home disappear. The Bethlehem authorities were compelled to admit adult lodgers into the house. The boys have found rooms elsewhere in various parts of the city and members of the Club still keep in touch with them.

The Club has received much encouragement from the Faculty and members of the Student Body. It has attempted a work which accords with the ideals of our school and appeals to the highest aims of our profession. We believe it will accomplish its ultimate purpose in the near future and succeed in establishing a permanent home for young boys, whom fate, perverse, has denied the heritage of a natural home.

THE NORMAL FORUM

In September of this year the need of a debating society was felt in the Normal School. Four students interested in the movement obtained permission to organize such a society. Membership has rapidly increased until at our last meeting we had thirty in attendance.

One of the social events of the Forum was a luncheon held in Room 41. Fun and laughter prevailed and many crisp speeches were given. The Forum is planning another like event in the near future.

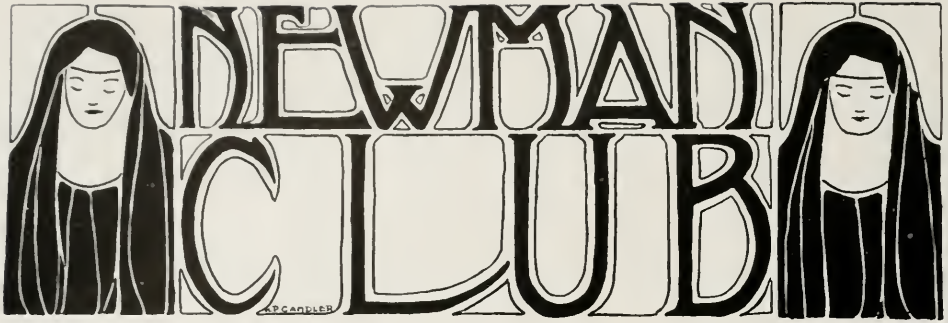
Among the questions debated this year are, "Resolved, That the United States Should Intervene in Mexico;" "Resolved, That Theodore Roosevelt Should Be the Next President of the United States;" and, "Resolved, That Shenk Will Be the Next Mayor of Los Angeles." Some ability is being developed in extemporaneous speaking. We hope, in future, that all debates may be carried on in that way.

President Millspaugh has given his permission for an inter-scholastic debate as soon as we have proved that we have the requisite ability. This we hope to do by giving a debate in the Assembly at some future date.

The charter members were greatly surprised at one meeting by receiving an avalanche of unexpected visitors consisting of nearly every boy in the Normal School. We think this was partly due to the fact that we honored one of their number, Mr. Dean Bates, with the presidency of the Forum. The officers this term are: Dean Bates, president; Elizabeth Taylor, vice-president; Mildred Travis, secretary; Miss Koch, treasurer.

We hope in the future to be the strongest, most efficient society in the Normal School, and to aid in the development of a high standard of school spirit.





About three years ago the Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, the Catholic Bishop of Los Angeles, organized at the Normal School a literary society for Catholic students, to be known as the Newman Club. The constitution of the Newman Club of the University of California was adopted by the society with a few modifications. The purpose of this organization was to create a genuine love and appreciation for good literature through the study of the lives and works of our best authors.

The members were to meet once a month either at the noon hour or after school. At each meeting a musical and literary program was to be rendered. These programs were in the charge of a Social Committee, which consisted of five members of the Club appointed by the president. This committee served for three months, when a new one was appointed. Very often the committee would secure the services of a speaker, instead of arranging the usual program, and the members were always very glad to hear these men and women who give us a broader view of the world in which we live.

The officers of the Newman Club are at present only two in number, a president and a secretary, and are elected for six months. It is the duty of the president to preside at all the meetings and to direct the literary work of the society. In this she is assisted by the Rev. Dr. Cotter of Pasadena, who is the director of the Club.

But time is not always taken up with work. Very often the books are laid aside and the members come together for a happy hour of games and good things to eat. Informal receptions are often held for new members, and these are usually very delightful affairs.

Although the Newman Club is at present only a small organization, its membership is steadily increasing. Membership is open to all students interested in literary work; and it is the desire of all who are interested in the Club to make the work as helpful as it is enjoyable to the students.



The Nature Club was organized in the spring of 1912, under the leadership of Mr. Benton, a former teacher of the Normal School. In September, 1912, the "Nature Club," defined its purpose to be the study of Nature from life. Miss Dorothy Gresham was elected president and Miss Naomi Lilly, secretary; later, upon the resignation of Miss Lilly, Miss Lora Milam was elected to the office of secretary.

The following quotations are of direct interest to the Club: "To study Nature is to find oneself in sympathy with all creation." "Learning those things in Nature that are best worth knowing to the end of doing those things that make life most worth living."

Dr. Miller has given many interesting and instructive lectures. One was on "The Fossil Beds of the Pleistocene Age." We were well prepared to appreciate this lecture, having visited the Fossil Beds of Rancho La Brea. Another lecture Dr. Miller gave was on the "Distribution of Life in the San Bernardino Mountains." Many valuable photos illustrated this lecture. The lectures on "Island Forms of Life," and "Classification of Birds" were illustrated by many peculiar and beautiful bird specimens.

Miss Seaman also entertained the Club with a lecture on "Birds in English Poetry." As we listened we discovered what an inspiration birds have been to the minds of poets.

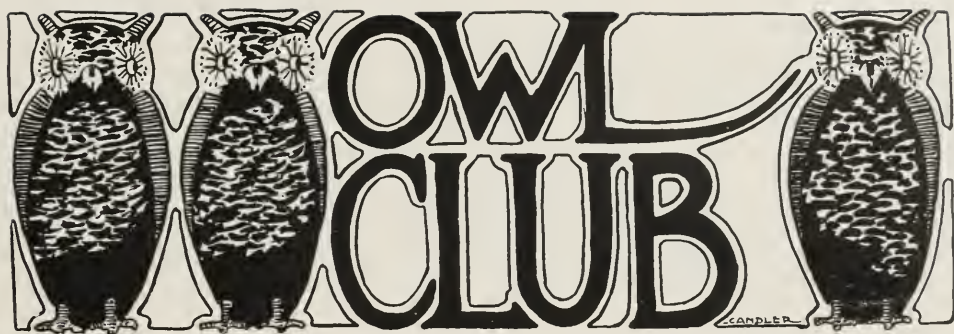
Mr. Hochbaum entertained us with a lecture on "Landscape Gardening." He had accompanied the Club on a previous day to Westlake Park.

Besides the excursions mentioned, trips have been taken to the Arroyo Seco and Eastlake Park.

The Club has enjoyed these excursions and lectures and owes a debt of gratitude to those who have contributed to their profit and pleasure. Especially does it appreciate the time, thought and energy which Dr. Miller has spent in behalf of the Club. It values highly the work of its excellent president, Miss Gresham, who has been so successful in arranging for the excursions and good speakers. Great credit is due Miss Milam in interesting students in the Club. The Nature Club is now anticipating a treat in the form of lectures from Miss Baughman, Prof. Chamberlain and Miss Gere.

Much, indeed, has been accomplished by the Club in the past year, and it is with bright hopes and prospects that it looks toward the future.





Ever since the opening of this institution in 1881 the boys of this temple of learning have been in a great minority. Today, with the enrollment centering around the one thousand and fifty mark, our number barely reaches thirty. This does not certify that we feel "crushed" or that we are under many obligations to the fairer sex. Nay, verily, our minds center around an organization all our own, namely, the Owl Club.

We met for the first time at the home of Elbert Phillips. Here we enjoyed his generous hospitality, and elected the first officers of the club. Chalmer Shaver was elected President, and E. D. Phillips, Vice-president, Secretary, Treasurer and any other office with which we might honor him.

Our next jubilee of any importance was a banquet given in honor of the graduating President of the club, Chalmer Shaver. On the evening of April 3, 1913, all the boys met at a popular resort, and drank to the health of our esteemed friend and classmate. Glenn Riddlebarger was elected President, to succeed the guest of honor.

After the banquet we adjourned to the theater, where we giggled in mirthful glee to the tune of "The Green Grass Grew All Around," etc., etc.

From the beginning, our club has been a tremendous success. It is the only officially organized body of masculine pedagogues who seek this temple of learning in preference to any other cemetery (I mean seminary) for the enlightenment of California's would-be and will-be teachers.

The present members have established the custom of giving the boys of each graduating class an elaborate banquet to alleviate the sorrow of parting.

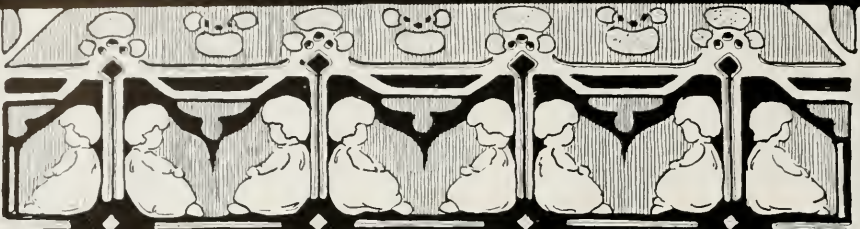


LITERARY

LITERARY



H. LAUMAN



Morning !

Now 'gins gay Phoebus to rise o'er yonder hill;
The mantling clouds retreat with dignity,
And fainter beams the morning star in still
Benignity.

Now rends the hov'ring mist its silv'ry sheen
In twain, and now betakes itself away,
First writing in fairy webs on leaflets green,
" 'Tis break of day."

Slowly crawls from 'neath the leaves the cool damp snail;
The nesting dove coos to her mate, "Good cheer,"
And warmly sounds forth with clarion hail
Bold chanticleer.

Bursts out in songs of praise, the twitt'ring chorus;
Joy in every being lurks,
And now the gladsome morning is before us—
Pearl of God's Works.

Jr. A 9.

THE CALL OF THE POINSETTIA

CARDER



UT on the old Laguna where the willow fringed San Gabriel in geometrical mood turns at right angles to itself, was the home of Carmelita: Carmelita, the object of Sebastian's veneration,—rather, the deity of his admiration. Such a home! How Carmelita loved it! She loved the red-roofed, white adobe house; loved the patriarchal pepper trees that bordered the driveway on either side; loved the silver-tipped olive grove back of the house, and the vast vineyard that stretched away to leeward; loved the poppies, "little earth suns", she called them—and the waving, breast high fields of mustard. But best of all, she loved the regal poinsettias beneath her barred window, for did they not form a fitting background for Sebastian, when he came by moonlight with his guitar to serenade her, to pour out the affection of his heart for her in wonderful bursts of melody? Ah, yes; to Carmelita, the poinsettias were the best of all, and Sebastian loved them too because Carmelita did.

One day there was a wedding out on the Laguna. Sebastian, the happiest man that ever breathed the wedding vows, took Carmelita to his own rancho. Such happy, halcyon days followed. The days were happier still when, after two years, Sebastian Junior came to bind their hearts closer together with his tiny baby hands.

But there came a time when Sebastian was to go on a journey fourteen days distant. Tearfully, Carmelita bade him adios; fear was in her heart, why, she could not tell. Sebastian blithely assuaged Carmelita's fears with a kiss, needlessly spurred his impatient steed, and was off. Down the valley and over the hills his way led him, thence to the region of prickly cacti, of yuccas, tall sentinels of the desert.

On the sixth morning, the horse, unseeing beast, stepped in a rattler's hole, stumbled, and fell with his rider beneath him, unhurt, but ruthlessly pinned to the earth. For two tortuous days the scorching sun blazed down on man and beast. After the first day, the horse succumbed to the deadly heat. Sebastian groveled in the earth till his fingers were foul with blood and sand; his eyes protruded out of their sockets like the eyes of a strangled person; his tongue hung out of his mouth, swollen thick, and his teeth were as set as a terrible vise. He

habbled incoherently or shrieked insanely, and always the strain that ran through his wandering mind was, "The poinsettias, the poinsettias."

Father Vasquierra, coming over the same trail, found Sebastian thus. He took the sick man to his home and nursed him back to health of body, but not of mind. Sebastian did not know himself. For nine long months he herded sheep, with no companion save his dog and an occasional visitor, Father Vasquierro, or another lone sheep-herder.

One evening toward sunset, when the flock was on the homeward march to the rancho, Rey, the dog, did not round up the sheep as usual, but kept bounding away several rods distant to the left of the flock. Sebastian beat the dog severely but still it did not cease its peculiar antics. The herder investigated and found behind a hillock, a little child asleep with a poinsettia clutched tightly in its tiny fist. The sight of the flower brought back the man's absent memory with a poignant rush. "Poinsettias", he murmured, "poinsettias", and then, in a glad, bewildered tone, brushing his hand dazedly across his brow, "Carmelita, Carmelita."

The sun was not yet entirely set, and gazing straight ahead, Sebastian discerned beneath a barred window, a clump of scarlet poinsettias against a white adobe wall. "Carmelita's old home!" he cried, and with the sleeping child in his arms he hastened toward it. As he entered the driveway, he nearly collided with a woman, who, seeing the child, snatched it to her breast with a passionate, motherly gesture.

"Carmelita", Sebastian said softly.

"Sebastian!" she answered joyfully.

Jr. A 9.



Noon!

Silvered leaves, shimmering air,
Blue divine of sun-drenched sky,
Glowing gardens, flowers fair,
Silent fields of yellow rye.

O noon, thou tranquil, radiant one,
No shadow doth thy glory mar;
For all creation toward the sun
Doth look, and lo—he is not far!

Eunice M. Orcutt.

THE TALE OF A DOG



ALL day the great clouds of smoke and flame had been rolling higher and higher. The heavy forests, majestic and beautiful from the hands of Nature, were rapidly yielding to the devouring element. Slowly the retreating, helpless, untamed tenants of the woods passed before the unchecked advance of the dreaded forest fire. Their homes were given up to the wild delirium of the untamable fiend. Column after column of thick smoke rose and hung aloft like a great pall, over the awful scene, draping nature in the sable garments of mourning.

From the top of their cabin, lonely in the deep confines of fir and pine, Jesse and Clarence Roydon waited, with bated breath, the swift approach of the borderman's greatest foe. In safety beyond that vast, surging sea of death, were their parents. They had taken a necessary journey that day, leaving the boys with Ted and Roan in charge. Jesse, the elder, had learned much of the ways of a woodman. Eight-year old Clarence was just beginning to step out upon the frontier of such knowledge.

With the rise of a swift wind, the flames moved as if uncontrollably mad, and presented a horrifying spectacle to the terrified boys, as the mild, high leap of sheet after sheet registered their awful advance. Larger grew the groups of escaping herds and wild animals; wilder and wilder grew their pace. Strange and motley were the crowds that came—cattle and cougar, bear and antelope, hare and lynx, cub and calf, side by side in the wild race for life. The fleeing tribes of the untraveled haunts stirred the boys. They, too, must join that excited caravan.

"We'll both get on Roan and go. Maybe we can reach the river by Swede Pete's place," said Jesse. "We're gone, if we stay here."

The excited Roan was quickly saddled and led forth from the rude stable. As the boys mounted, she instinctively galloped away in the direction of the fleeing animals. Old and worn out as she was, she set a good pace to begin with. The air waxed hotter and hotter, and the struggle up the rising slope was telling on the poor rescuer's wind. The river was far in the distance; the flames were gaining on them, and the old horse was being taxed to the utmost of her strength to maintain her pace. Already the awful roar and the crackling of the pursuer could be heard hot upon the trail. The lurid light, the sheets of flame and dark columns of smoke seemed like the victorious pursuit of the infernal hosts. With distended nostrils and straining eyes, the faith-

ful mare was doing her best, as if conscious of her precious trust and the great meaning there was now in the word "win."

Jesse's eyes, ever trained to distances, sped across to the steady trees on the bluffs by the river and then to the vanguard of death's columns, and he said to his own heart, "we can never make it." The horse was almost exhausted.

"Here, Clarence, take the rein. Don't stop until you reach the river. I'll come later"—and he dropped right in the fire's path. "Don't let her stop until you get to Pete's," he shouted, as his bewildered brother glanced back.

"Maybe she can carry him," he said, as his desperate, wild gaze followed him. The fleeing horse and boy were soon hidden from view. How strange and terrifying the great, friendly forest now seemed to Jesse. He was dazed for a moment; and then, hearing the deepening roar of flame, as if sounding anew his knell, he ran wildly away before its dreadful approach.

Onward sped the Indian Roan. She seemed now to gain strength. Freed from the rein and frightened almost to madness, she ran wildly in the direction of the river. Clarence held on, he knew not how. With face blanched and eyes set, he seemed oblivious to all about him. The bowing trees and waving limbs shook out a "God Speed" and a last farewell; but he saw not their greetings. To him it seemed that the earth was running back and being eaten up by this awful fire. Trees and vines, flowers and ferns were all scurrying away to a swift doom. The horse beneath him was dodging and jumping to let them pass. Like the perishing trees, blank and indistinguishable, the thought of Jesse flitted across his wavering senses. About him the color changed. A strange light strode by. They were in the clearing by the river. He saw the water coming to the fire.

"Now, Jesse would be safe," his reeling brain said. A swift plunge and the water had stopped! A new fear took hold of him. His struggling senses could only say, "Hold on, hold on," as the water rose about him.

He soon found himself in a strange house, with father and mother by him. Swede Pete and his honest-faced wife were near. The grief-stricken parents tried to learn something of the fate of little Jesse, but all Clarence could remember was that he had jumped off and said for him to go on and that he would come later. This startling information only served to deepen their grief. Slowly it came to them—Jesse had given himself to save his younger brother.

Clarence was safe. Pete took another foreboding look at the blackened waste. The river had met the fire's fierce charge. Slowly the ranks thinned and, unable to retreat, fell at the water's brink. But where was Jesse? Somewhere in that path of awful destruction he lay, charred in death, as a result of his high heroism in giving Clarence the one chance for life.

At daylight next morning Pete crossed the river, followed by the little sad-hearted party he had raised during the night. Onward they

pressed toward the Roydon cabin, as speedily as they could. By hot ash mounds and burning logs they picked their way, looking near and far for the charred body of the young hero.

Presently the searching party were brought to a stand-still in anxious attention. They thought they had heard a sound of the living. Around were the blackened, spectral forms of the once inspiring giants of the forest, seeming to mock their anxious expectancy with the question, "How could the living be here?"

But again floated to them the thrilling sound. It was the wailing of a dog. And there on the bluff they could see him. Quickly they hastened forward, and as they approached the dog, which was now wildly barking, they recognized him as Ted, a Shepherd dog belonging to the Roydon family. He was standing at the mouth of a cave within which they found Jesse fast asleep. In answer to their anxious inquiries, he told them that when he was at the point of exhaustion, he felt a tug at his side, and there was Ted, who, by short advances, guided him to the cliff. He followed him, as those in extreme dread turn to any leader, and soon, before a little opening in the face of the rocks, the dog stopped and whined. And there Jesse found a cave, a secure shelter, a citadel no forest flames could ever successfully assault.

And so he was borne out in the strong, glad arms of his friends, who shouted aloud to tell their unbounded joy to the blackened sentinels that had died at their posts.

Fred Chamberlen, Summer, '13.





June

The warm, bright weather, the long afternoon,
A faint, far breath of blossoms in the air,
The touch of wind soft as a whispered prayer;
The throb of starry nights, the mellow moon,
And low, deep, wordless voices, keeping tune;
The roses breathing beauty everywhere;
Cool, dark woods, spiring in a leafy stair,
For birds that nest and sing—all this is June!

All sights, and sounds, and motions, sweet and rare,
That ever graced the sky, or sea, or shore,
From that high star to this low-lipping stream,
Are blended in a tissue fine and fair
To deck a world that is, and evermore
Shall be—in June—blest as the heart can dream!

—Fred Allison Howe.

A SUMMER'S JOURNEY



COME with me and let us take a glimpse of foreign lands that we have often read and talked about, and yet have not seen. After a twelve days' voyage from American shores, let us land at Naples. Here in Naples we find on one side of a street pretty shops and well dressed people, while just across the street are dirty little urchins and squalor itself. We are surprised to see such contrasts in grades of society brought so closely together. There is no doubt that we are in a Catholic country, for everywhere are shrines and churches, some of the former being open on the street to passers-by.

No one leaves Naples without a drive to Amalfi, so we make all necessary preparations for carriage hire on our trip. But why do we stop on our way to look into a little shop where dozens of American tourists are eagerly sorting out gloves? Bargains! Yes, white kid gloves at thirty cents a pair! We not only supply ourselves, but take numerous pairs for our friends at home. But alas! We later found that we had been duped—our gloves did not wear. I tell this for the benefit of future tourist bargain-hunters. "A word to the wise."

But now that we are away from the city limits, we forget about such plebian matters as gloves. Who can adequately describe a sixty-mile drive through a country of orange groves, cherry and lemon trees, with the semicircle of Naples' blue bay as a setting on one side, and the jagged mountains on the other. Amalfi is the place where many noted authors and artists have received inspiration. Below us we saw women, old and young, carrying heavy boxes of lemons on their backs; these poor tired out creatures packed their burdens from the house where the boxes were filled to the boats, while the men merely stood by and ordered the work to proceed. Perhaps it is best not to repeat the remarks we made concerning these Italian "gentlemen." We later dine at Cava in an old palace that belonged to the House of Lombardy. My, but it is fun to sit at the elegant, long table where knights and princes have formerly dined in royal splendor—a decided contrast to ourselves, dust-covered as we are. We should like to linger here and inspect all the rooms and court yards, but it grows

late, so we take the train back to Naples, reaching our "pension" at nightfall. As we are falling asleep we hear strains of music under our balcony, so in order to live up to our reputation as "Rich Americans," we throw the serenaders a few "centimes," and they feel amply repaid.

I could go on at great length describing the wonders of the various cities of Italy, but we must go northward now to the city of Lucerne, where all the loveliness ever dreamed of is realized. Of course we must lose no time in seeing the "Wasserturm" and "Bridge of Death." After having passed over this bridge and examined its numerous carvings depicting death in every phase of life, one breathes a sigh of relief to know that he is safely over. In the evening we go to the Kursaal, the Monte Carlo of Switzerland. We watch the men and women gamble for a time, and then go to the concert hall for a little more wholesome enjoyment.

From Lucerne a trip to Altdorf is as essential as the Amalfi drive from Naples. It is here that we see a life-size, bronze statue of William Tell, marking the very spot where the brave hero shot the apple from his son's head. He looks worthy of his honor as he stands looking off toward the glorious Alps. And now that we are so near we must not neglect to visit Tell's Chapel on Lake Lucerne, from whence our hero jumped to escape his pursuers.

Now let us take a peek at Heidelberg. We look for the University students with their many colored hats, and ornamental scars across their cheeks, and we are not disappointed. In fact, we actually witness a student duel and are horrified at the butchery. Germany has indeed some queer customs. While being shown through the University prison, we asked a man in one of the cells why he was there, and he told us that it was because he failed to finish a thesis in time. I fear if such a system were instituted in America, students would be "doing time" most of their days.

No castle can compare with the grand old Heidelberg "Schloss" which dates back to the fifteenth century. We are shown the huge vats, each containing 49,000 gallons of wine, and we are told the story of the old "Kellermeister" who drank eighteen bottles of wine daily.

We should like to peek a little longer, but time will not permit, so we move onward and find ourselves next in Amsterdam. Yes, Holland—the land of dykes and windmills. From Amsterdam we go to the Isle of Markden and are greeted at the shore by little children in wooden shoes and stiff skirts, which stand out like the old-fashioned hoops. Their snug little bonnets and long curls make them look like live dolls. So many of the children speak English that when a lady asked them where they learned the language, a little tot said: "From the tourists; so many of them come to see us." No sooner had she said this than her little hand was thrust out for money.

At Edam we saw how the Edam cheese is made. In the summer, the cows are kept out in the open lowlands, and revel in water and plenty of good grass. In the winter, they are kept indoors, each in a separate stall having a curtained window and carpeted floor—lucky cows!

I suspect many a beggar in Italy could say: "Would I were a Dutch cow!"

But we must not leave before we have visited Broek, the cleanest, little city in the world. It well deserves its name, for everything in those little Dutch houses is "just so," from the Delft-blue china arranged around the walls, to the pots and shining pans in the kitchen. The beds are curious little bunks built right into the wall and so tightly enclosed that one wonders how those husky Dutch ever get breathing space.

The least enjoyable part of the trip was the ride down the canal on a house-boat. In the first place, the canals are very dirty and are almost stagnant. I marveled when I saw an old man all bent over, with a rope around his waist and shoulders, pulling twelve of us down the canal, and we were not lightweights either. You see he walked along the bank and the rope stretched diagonally across to the boat. Upon reaching Monnikendam he was pretty well tired out, but when questioned he said that he had been doing this every day for thirty years. Who chooses to be a boatman in Holland?

Now let us go to Antwerp, a typical Belgian city. What a curious sight! Large milk wagons drawn by dogs! In this city we see the most wonderful zoological gardens in the world. Here, too, is the cathedral in which is Rheuben's masterpiece, "The Descent from the Cross." One could look at this picture for hours and always find a new interest in it.

We must hasten on to Paris—that city of beauty and varied wonders. It would require volumes to describe the Louvre alone, so I shall not attempt it. My admiration centered chiefly around the Venus de Milo and Winged Victory, though of course the work of Millet, Greuz, Le Brun, Del Sarto, Murillo, and others drew their share of attention. We see the Eiffel Tower, the highest in the world; the Triumphal Arch on the broad and beautiful "Champs Elysee;" Notre Dame with its staring gargoyles; the gallery of the Luxemburg, with its splendid paintings and sculpture. If one has ever heard "Tannhauser" in the Grand Opera House of Paris, I am sure he will say that earth and heaven have exchanged places.

And now we cross the English channel and reach old London town. So far nothing has been said concerning the people of these several countries. The French for beauty and the German for beer-drinking are so proverbial that they need no further mention. But I did learn something new about the English. No, not that they cannot see a joke, but that they are so overly polite. When the boy let us out of the elevator he said, "Thank you." When the waiter brought us our breakfast, he said, "Thank you." When we went into a shop, and after looking about did not purchase anything, the clerk said, "Thank you." We wondered what he said when purchases were made. Of course, we drove through Hyde Park; saw the Serpentine, Rotten Row, Buckingham Palace, and Marlborough House.

One feels a thrill of awe in going into Westminster Abbey and knowing that under the very floor he treads are the honored dead. Just across the way from Westminster are the Parliamentary buildings, so we

obtained permission to see the great rooms where the Lords and Commons sit and discuss matters of state.

Of all things, when in London, do not miss the old Tower containing the crown jewels guarded by a stalwart soldier with a feather-duster in his cap. What a joy to the student is the British Museum! He can spend weeks within its long halls, always finding new material. Lingeringly we leave dear old London—for one does grow fond of it in spite of its fogs.

After a coaching tour through Windsor, Kenilworth, Oxford, and Leamington, whose natural beauties words cannot describe, we arrive at last in Liverpool, that busy city of steamboats and traffic. Our boat is ready, so we board her, our minds full of the wonderful things we have seen and heard. Anxiously we wait to take them back to our native shores and to share our joys with those at home.

—Myrtle Drachman.



MRS. DEMARCO'S SECRET



FRANCESCA came running into the home, joyfully waving a card.

"Oh, mother, look! Here's my report card. Aren't my marks fine!"

Mrs. Damarco picked up the piece of cardboard, and looked at the hieroglyphics there. She could not read English and the words printed and written there meant nothing to her. Then she smiled wistfully.

"Yes, yes; Francesca, mother is very happy that her little girl is bright at school. Ah—soon you'll be a big American girl, and then you'll be ashamed of your Italian mother, who cannot speak or read your English language."

"Never, never, never! How could I ever be ashamed of such a dear, sweet, good mother as you! But how I wish you could sign your name to my report card. I feel so ashamed when I have to go to Mary's mother, and ask her to sign the card for me. Mary is so stuck-up because her mother and father can read, write and speak English."

"Ah, my dear, if your father had only lived!— But go, run out and play. Mother will call you in when supper is ready."

"Good-bye!" Francesca cried.

"Good-bye, dear."

Mrs. Damarco stood at the door looking after the flying figure that raced to meet a group of playmates. Then, with a sigh she went into the house.

It was but a short time after Pietro and Leontine Damarco had come to America, that Francesca was born, and not long after that Pietro, sole support of his family, died. Since then Leontine Damarco's life had been one heart-rending struggle to make ends meet. Now, the tension was easing a bit, more money was coming in, for the fame of the marvellous cobwebby laces she made was spreading, and Francesca was now being fed and clothed like other children.

One thing, however, tormented and tortured the mother; one desire lurked ever in her consciousness—to be able to speak, read and write this beautiful English language that Francesca and the others spoke. At home conversation was always carried on in Italian, and it hurt Leontine Damarco to hear her daughter speak to others in a language which she could not understand. This seemed to put her in another world, away from her beloved child—and it hurt. She, confined to the house by her work, could at best but articulate a few words in this strange tongue. Ah, if only she could learn this English!

One evening, returning home from her marketing, she overheard the conversation of two young men speaking in her native tongue. What she heard made her catch her breath, and as she drank in the words, a wonderful hope began to rise in her breast, and her eyes shone with a strange, beautiful light. That night she was happier than she had been for years, and at times surprised Francesca by breaking into a happy little laugh.

The next morning after Francesca had left for school, putting a shawl around her shoulders, she stepped out of the house and walked on down the street. She entered one of the many stores, and soon came out tightly clutching a small bundle.

Francesca was accustomed to spending her evenings with some neighbors who had a prettier and happier home than she had. Her mother encouraged this custom, for she thought that Francesca needed the company of children more than she needed Francesca.

One night, while playing with the children, Francesca noticed her mother hurrying past the house, with a small package under her arm, and furtively glancing about her. Francesca wondered, but just then Suzie called to her, and the incident was forgotten.

Another evening she came home to find the house empty. Mother was not there. Perhaps she had gone to some neighbor's house. But even that was quite unusual, for Leontine Damarco spent her evenings at home, making the pretty laces that sent Francesca to school, and thinking of Pietro Damarco, and what might have been. She was happier thus, and enjoyed the evenings spent in communion with herself. The afternoon with its hot, glaring sunshine, seemed a time for work only, and it was in the evenings that she allowed herself the luxury of retrospection.

But even while Francesca was wondering over her mother's absence, Mrs. Damarco came home, walking with a light step, her dark face flushed with happiness.

"Where have you been, mother? What has happened to make you look so different? Where do you go almost every evening?"

To all these questions, Leontine Damarco answered not a word, but picking up her daughter, she embraced her. Then she said :

"Ah, you shall know, daughter mine—soon—soon—you shall know my wonderful secret."

Days came and went, and now Francesca took these nightly excursions of her mother's as a matter of course. Francesca also noticed that mother spent much of her time with a little book which she concealed from her daughter.

Then, one day, Francesca again came running home waving a report card.

"Look, mother, the highest marks again!"

"Yes—why, you have an E in Reading—an E in Geography—an E in everything. I am happy of you!" Leontine Damarco carefully articulated in English.

"Why, mother! You can read English! How did you learn? Where? When?"

"Wait a bit, daughter. Tell me where it is a mother should sign her name."

"Can you write English, too?" gasped Francesca.

"Bring me the pen and ink."

Slowly and painfully, with trembling fingers, she traced the letters, "Leontine Damarco" in the space indicated "Parents' Signature."

Francesca stood looking over her mother's shoulder as she wrote, her eyes opening wider and wider as her mother slowly traced her name. When her mother had finished writing, she carefully laid the pen down and then turned around and looked into Francesca's eyes. Francesca threw her arms around her mother's neck and hugged her with all her might.

"Oh, mother, dearest mother, I am so happy. But please do tell me all about it."

"I will begin at the very beginning. One night I overheard two young men speaking of a wonderful school which is open at night, and which teaches the papas and mammas of little girls like Francesca how to speak, read, and write in this beautiful English language. I bought the books I needed, and have been going to this school every night, daughter mine, and it has been very hard. Now you must never speak to me in Italian again, only in English. You will be mother's teacher from now on. It has cost me much money to go to this school. I have not been making many yards of lace; I have been studying most of the time, and every hour spent at this night school has meant a dollar less. But, Francesca, are you pleased? Are you not proud of mother now?"

"Am I proud of you? Oh, mother, just think! I won't have to ask Mary's mother to sign my cards any more."

Reverie

I see in the dusk and the shadows
Weird figures and fancies grey;
They lure me across the dark river,
Away from the realm of day.

I follow, forever I follow;
Wherefore should I resist?
I float over tree-tops and then—O soul
I drift out to the sea—and the mist.

To the whispering, echoing mist,
Which gently enfolds me like sleep,
'Mid the sighing, swaying waters
Of the passionate, wonderful deep.

—Eunice M. Orcutt.

ATHLETICS



ATHLETICS

BRADSHAW



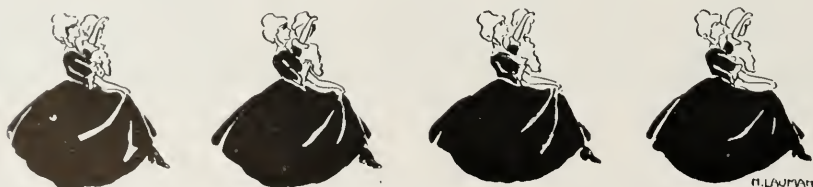
A New Course in Dancing

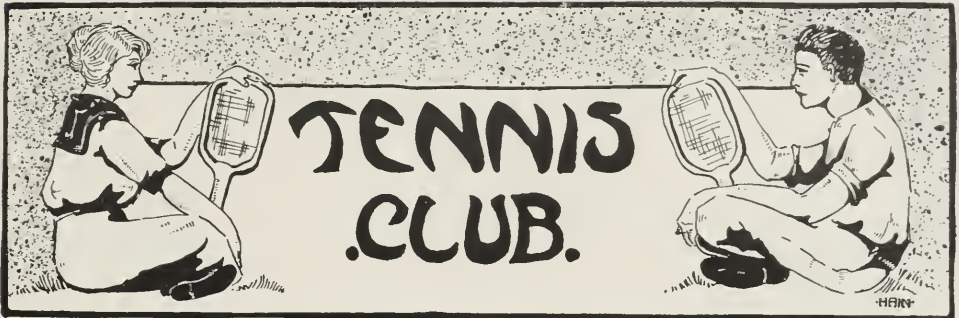
What is that?—An elective course in physical training? Yes, folk and simple aesthetic dances constitute the entire course. Miss Jacobs has arranged to give the class folk dances that are representative of as many nations as possible. The class was originally intended for only the special music students, but as they were so few in number, others were admitted. Besides those enrolled, there are visitors who, catching the spirit of the class, often join us for an hour of pure recreation. We, as prospective teachers, find that this well-arranged course will furnish us with valuable material for future use. To receive all that this course holds for you, join it when your general program is heavy, and enjoy two hours a week of work that is valuable not only from the standpoint of pedagogy, but also from that of recreation.

Physical Training

One of the most interesting and beneficial departments of the Normal School is that of Physical Training. Under the able direction of Miss Jacobs, assisted by Miss Grunewald, the gymnasium has become a vital part of our student life. Not only is the work an excellent preparation for meeting the needs of children in exercise and recreation, but it is a pleasure to ourselves.

To those who know Miss Jacobs, it is unnecessary to say that the spirit which pervades our gymnasium is one of the delightful optimism. Though this is Miss Grunewald's first year with us, she has certainly found her way into our hearts. Her interest and enthusiasm for the work have been to us a constant inspiration.



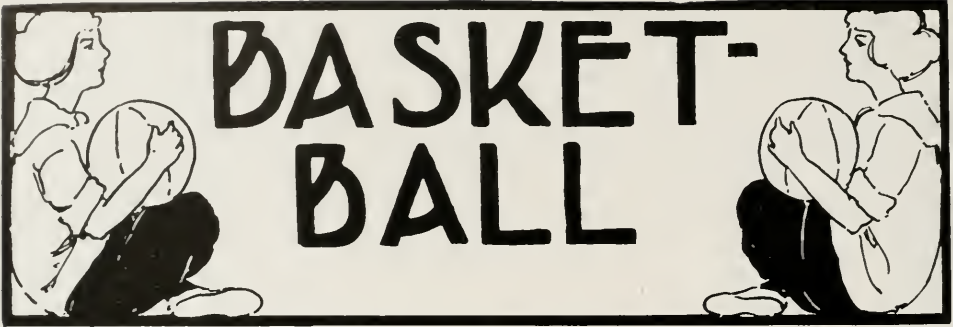


A large increase in the membership of the "Racquet Club" testifies to the growing interest in this organization. The club had no tournament before Christmas. Since then the tennis enthusiasm in the Normal School has flourished and grown.

One informal tournament was held at Sycamore Grove. Here every one came about ten o'clock in the morning ready to put in a long day of good tennis practice. Lunch was served on the lawn, where Miss Grunewald, our coach, and chaperone of the day, saw that everyone was well entertained. Many hard fought tennis matches were played in the afternoon. These resulted in the declaration at the end of the day that Miss Grunewald was the champion player.

The officers for this year are: President, Hilda Haddox; Secretary-Treasurer, Grace Mogle; Coach, Miss Grunewald.





Boys' Basket Ball

Last year, when the boys' basket ball team was organized, its members practiced faithfully, announced their games, and played them—generally without an audience. However, the members were compensated by their many pleasant experiences with outside teams and schools.

During this year about fifteen games have been played; these included trips to Orange, Burbank and other schools. The two forwards of the team were new this year, the other boys having been members for two years. The team:

Captain, Williams. Guards, Woods, Williams. Forwards, Castor, Swain. Center, Kersey.

Girls' Basket Ball

Play basketball? If you knew what I had to do! Child Study paper is due next week and I haven't read my references yet; my plan for next week isn't written, and my History of Education note-book isn't up to date!

With such remarks as these from seniors, and similar remarks from juniors, you can understand why basketball has not flourished as we should have liked. Nevertheless, there have been some very exciting times, for instance, the Faculty Basketball Game which, as everyone knows, was a great success. This game was played between certain members of the faculty and students. The faculty members displayed undreamed-of talents such as acrobatic tumbling, chewing gum (thanks to Dr. Fernald) and yelling.

We have had several good practices under Miss Grunewald's able coaching, and in time could probably work up a good school team, as there is some very promising material in the school.

Some members of the faculty have been very much interested in basketball practice since the faculty game. Miss Hazen and Miss Sullivan have been out for Wednesday night practices.

We sincerely hope that during the coming year a great number of the students may find time for basketball, and bring their enthusiasm to the up-building of athletics in the Normal School.



JOSHES
HPC

JOSHES



Joshes

I WONDER WHY

Because we are not witty,
Because we have no jokes,
Because we print not stories,
That please you fussy folks,
You sigh and groan and grumble,
And fling us on the shelf—
Moral: "Gentle readers,
Just write something yourself."—Ex.

Ruth Dehn—You know I went to sleep in church and didn't wake up until I heard the hymn.

Fay—Trust you to wake up if there's a "him" around!

Gym V—sounds more like a blacksmith's shop than a group of club women.

Sr. A 1—Why is Bess Bryant like a lighthouse?

Sr. A 2—Because she is built upon a bluff!

Mildred Hutchison—Where, O where has my Caster-bean!

Beatrix Baker—Give me some talcum powder.

Clerk—Mennen's?

Beatrix (sweetly)—No, women's.

Clerk—Scented?

Beatrix—No! I'll just take it with me.

Son—Father, I cannot lie, I broke your shaving mug.

Father—You won't be able to sit, when I get through with you!—Ex.

I should worry like an aviator and go up in the air.

"Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to put the old aside!"

Miss Miller—Give the plural of children.

Mr. Chamberlen—Twins.

Mr. Olds—You know, Woods, I have to wear this moustache so the girls won't run after me.

Postscript—Dear, you will needs wear a beard, for the moustache only enhances your attractiveness!

Say, Annabelle, that's a cutie little rustic seat out there in the garden at Mt. Washington, isn't it? But, my dear, weren't you cold out there without your coat? Oh, he did? Well, I though so.

Dorothy L.—Oh! I dropped a potato in my lap, and it will make a great big spot!

Ethel B. (comfortingly)—No, dear, the spot couldn't be larger than a freckle.

Jr. A.—Why is it impossible to get a "rec" with Miss Seaman?

Sr. A.—Because, my child, seamen never believe in wrecks!

INVITATIONS

No. 1—

Dear Mr. Friend:

I wish to invite you to the Faculty reception, at the Normal School next Thursday evening.

Yours,

Miss Friend.

P. S.—You cannot come in, but kindly stick around until I get ready to go home.

No. 2—

Dear Mr. Friend—

This note is to invite you to the Senior A banquet at Mt. Washington on next Wednesday night.

Yours,

Miss Friend.

P. S.—You cannot come in until the banquet is over, but you can wander over the hills until I call for you.

Outsider—Do you go to Normal?

Special Musicite—Oh, No! No! I am a special music student.

Senior C.—What's the notice on the bulletin board? Look at the crowd of girls!

Senior A.—Oh, it's just Mr. Currier indulging in his daily reading of the notices.

AT THE SENIOR BANQUET

Some of the speakers must have had something to eat before they came to the banquet!

Margaret Nimmer—This is a real neat little new potato.

Helen—Oh, were those two little brown things potatoes? Why, I thought they were pills and swallowed them with water.

IN THE LUNCH LINE

Junior C.—Are those sandwiches fresh?

Junior A.—I don't know—they never said nothing to me.

Sam (looking out of the window and seeing a man's arm around his sweetheart's waist)—Say, Mirandy! Tell that nigger to take his arm from around yo' waist!

Mirandy—Tell him you'se'f; he's a puffie stranger to me!

Miss Fernald—What are the three words most often used in Psychology?

Mr. Castor—I don't know.

Miss Fernald—Correct!

A Chink by the name of Ching Ling
Fell off a street car—bing! bing!
The con turned his head,
To the passengers he said,
"The car's lost a washer"—ding! ding!

Spearmint covers a multitude of sins.

BUT WAS IT?

Miss Seaman—Mr. Riddlebarger, what's wrong with this sentence—"The toast was drank in silence?" What should it be?

Mr. Riddlebarger—The toast was eaten in silence.

What's a crazybone?

Ans.—A dollar some tightwad spends on a girl.

FROM ANNIE BRIM'S DIARY

May 1—Did sum studying.

May 2—Didn't.

May 3—Was forced to be absent from assembly.

May 4—Went to sleep in room G, VII per.

May 5—Didn't do nothin'.

May 6—Didn't also.

May 7—Also didn't.

May 8—Ah! what's the use trying to keep a diary?

Miss Carson (to a group of students in the hall)—This stopping simply has to talk.

Why is Miss Mathewson like a Venice car

Ans.—Because she always has a trailer!

Miss Mathewson—took a little trip the other day.

One of Her Shadows—Do tell! Where?

Miss Mathewson—On the stairs!

· VERY EFFECTIVE

Teacher—"Will the prettiest girl in the room stop talking!"
Result: A pin was heard dropping on the floor.

PATENT APPLIED FOR

"Who is that fellow over there?"
"That's Ralph Woods, the inventor."
"What does he invent?"
"Excuses."

Mary had a little lamb,
It fell into the brook;
Mary cried, "What shall I do?"
The lamb said, "Get the hook."

Question—What is the difference between life and love?

Answer—Life is one fool thing after another and love is two fool things after each other.—Ex.

At the opposite ends of the sofa
They sat with vain regrets;
She had been eating onions,
He smoking cigarettes. —Ex.

The father asked, "How have you done
In mastering ancient lore?"
"I did so well," replied the son,
"They gave me an encore;
The faculty like me and hold me so dear,
They make me repeat my Freshman year."
—Trinity Tablet.

Dr. Macurda—"What were the conditions under the feudal system?"
Jean H.—"They had to ask the Lord for everything."

I wish I were a tall giraffe,
For then, when I had candy
I'd taste each bits for seven feet;
And wouldn't that be dandy.

Teacher—What is the opposite of anterior?
Bright Girl—Bacteria.—Ex.

Senior A.—Well, I guess I know a few things."
Junior A.—"Well, I guess I know as few things as anybody."

Bowen (passionately)—"I press my suit on bended knee."
She (icily)—"Haven't you an ironing board?"

Mule in the barnyard—
Lazy and slick—
Boy with a pin on the end of a stick,
Slips up behind him quiet as a mouse—
Crepe on the door of the little boy's house.—Ex.

We are so devoted to our Sr. A. class president that we have adopted "Rowe! Rowe! Rowe!" for our class song!

Miss Hamilton (correcting a youth before two student teachers)—
You're rude, you're "mouthy" to everyone. The worst of it is, you're not only impudent to the student teachers, but I hear you have been rude to a Lady!

Student Teachers—?

Mildred H.—Last week I went out every evening and each evening I had a different escort!

Hazel Campbell—Be careful or people will think you couldn't get one to take you out the second time.

"Who is that yeller head down there?"

"That—Oh, he's our head yeller?"

Dr. Edwards (charge of nature study work in L. A. schools)—What little boy will tell me the name of some extinct animal?

Third Grader—The skunk!

Florence H. (teaching Nature Study)—What is the highest form of animal life?

Bright Youth—The giraffe.

Florence H.—Correct!

Blythe Webb—Why don't you wear pumps like I do?

Lela—Oh, it rained so hard when I came to school this morning that my shoes are full of water.

Blythe Webb—Why don't you wear pumps like I do?

Alice Ranzoni—Say, there's something preying on my mind.

Helen Candler—Never mind, dear, it will soon starve to death.

French VI. Miss Young—I didn't know what to do with the cur (que).
Voice—Put him out.

Mr. Olds (plus a new bow-tie)—Come, Bowen, old man, let's walk through the halls and give the girls a treat.

We all love Mrs. Hunne—well, but we love Mr. Hunne—most.

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for the publications of the following schools,
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2nd **444 So. Broadway** *Up*
Floor *Stairs*

AT THE BANQUET

Blanch R. (wandering restlessly on the hotel veranda)—Where is my wandering boy tonight?

UNDER OBLIGATIONS

A.—Slow, isn't it?

B.—Yes, very.

A.—Let's go home!

B.—I can't; I'm the host.—Ex.

IN CHILD STUDY

Mrs. B.—Now, you know my oldest little boy really leads his classmates!

Mrs. C.—Dr. Waddle, my little girl is just so nervous! Why—

Mrs. D.—Now, when Percy had the measles—

Mrs. F.—My cunning little son and heir said—

Mrs. G.—My more than bright baby said—

Mrs. H.—My more than bright baby said—

Mrs. Grandma—Do you know, Dr. Waddle, my grandson said—

HE MUST HAVE

Member of the Rambler's Club—Oh, we had the grandest time; we took a tramp through the mountains.

Outsider—Did the tramp have a good time.

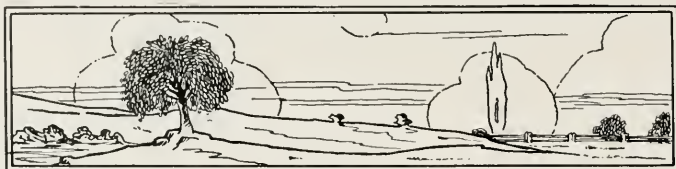
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Say, where was the Board of Censorship at the 57 Varieties?

One hundred years ago today,
With wildernesses here—
With powder in his gun, the man
Went out and got his deer.
But now the thing is somewhat changed,
And on another plan—
With powder on her cheeks, the dear
Goes out and gets the man.—Ex.

Miss Collier—What is a polygon?
Junior A.—A dead parrot.

Miss Hollister—What are you doing, learning something?
Student—No, ma'am; listening to you.

He hovered about her all evening,
Fanning her velvet cheek;
She the belle of society,
He the aspirant meek.
He shyly attempted to kiss her,
She struck at him with her fan,
And he fell dead!—a mosquito—
Not a persistent man.—Ex.

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.....Entire Company
Solo—"No, Not One".....Mr. Shepardson
Solo—"A Hair on the Head is Worth Six in the Brush".....Mr. Chamberlain
Tenor Solo—"When I Snuggle 'Neath the Bed Quilts, Should My Beard
Be Out or In?".....Mr. Macurda
Grand Finale—"Our Hair Is All the World to Us".....Entire Company

Dark street,
Banana peel,
Fat man,
Virginia reel.

—Ex.

I should worry,
I should care,
I should marry a millionaire.
If he should die,
I should cry,
I should marry another guy.

Teacher—"How many zones has the earth, Johnny?"
Johnny—"Five."
Teacher—"Correct. Name them."
Johnny—"Temperate, intemperate, canal, horrid and ozone."—Ex.

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635-7 South Broadway, Los Angeles

SUBLIME OR RIDICULOUS

Far down the valley, a lone ragman drove his chariot along and chanted his plaintive lay; the wind moaned thru the chimney pots, the red sun looked dimly down thru the smoke; and a little bird stood on the corner of the cow-shed roof and scratched its neck.

Sadly a stray policeman swiped a banana from a cart of a passing Italian and peeled it with a grimy hand. He was thinking, thinking while the dead leaves still blocked the tin spout above the rain barrel in the back yard. The old apple tree by the corner was groaning pitifully because it was full of green apples but the little bird quietly stood on the corner of the cow-shed roof and scratched its neck.

Borne on the wings of the sluggish breeze came the far-off murmur of vagrant dogs in fierce contention, making life a hollow mockery for some homeless cat; and amid it all the little bird stood on the corne rof the cow-shed roof and scratched its neck. And it softly said to itself, "I scratch it because it itches."—Ex.

Johnny stole a penny,
And then to jail was sent,
But the jury said "not guilty,"
So John was "in-a-cent."—Ex.



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LITTLE JACK HORNER

Diminutive Jonathan Horner was located in the angle resulting from the converging vertical surfaces, quietly disposing of a delicious conglomeration which had been prepared for the occasion of the celebration of the festival of his nativity. He inserted the most pre-axial digit of the terminal portion of the part of his physical organism, commonly designated as the arm, and extracted a specimen of the fruit of the species *Prunes americanus*. At the critical time of which discovery he emitted the exclamation, "What an excellent specimen of adolescent humanity am I!"—Ex.

PROVERBS

A soft answer catcheth a soft person.

Everything that nobody else wants comes to him who waits.

Never sit in a draft unless it is signed by a responsible person.—Ex.

SI SAYS

I tree'd a woodchuck under a hay stack and shot him with a barn shovel. The first time I hit him I missed him. The next time I hit him where I missed him before.—Ex.

Paul Phillips (soulfully)—"You're a dear."

Adrianne M.—"I may be a dear but I'm not game."

SURE THING

Teacher—"Wise men hesitate; fools are certain."

Pupil—"Are you sure?"

Teacher—"I am certain."—Ex.

If a body see a body
Thinking on a quiz,
If a body help a body
Is that the teacher's biz.

—Ex.

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MUSIC III

Monitor—"Dorothy and Gladys are going to sing a solo now."

Miss Gough—"Why, how can they sing a solo?"

Monitor—"Oh! Gladys has no voice."

Glenn—"Why do you term your wife an angel?"

Currier—"Because she's always ready to fly; she's continually harping and she hasn't an earthly thing to wear."

SOUNDS PLAUSIBLE

"Pop, why does the moon get full?"

"I don't know. Don't bother me."

"Pop, I guess if the moon would only stick to the milky way it wouldn't get full, would it?"—Ex.

BOYS' GLEE

Junior C to Senior A—"It must be fine to sing in the Glee Club."

Senior to Junior—"Yes, if ought to be fine or imprisonment."

PEDAGOGY, ROOM C

Senior B (to teacher)—"What is our examination going to be on tomorrow?"

Miss B.—"Paper."

OWL CLUB ANNUAL

Owlite—"Do you serve lobsters here?"

Waiter—"Yes, we serve everybody. Sit down."

HON HENGLISH VIEW

'Ari an hinch, 'arf an hinch,

'Arf an hinch, 'omeward,

'Ambercy by 'obble skirts,

'Opped the four hundred.

—Ex.

IT IS RUMORED—

That Christopher Columbus used a
Rand-McNally map. Do you?

Write for Catalog

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"Now, Pat," said a magistrate to an old offender, "what brought you here again?"

"Two policemen, sor."

"Drunk, I suppose?"

"Yes, sor, both of thim."—Ex.

They had never met B-4,

But what had she 2 care—

She loved him 10-derly,

For he was a 1,000,000-aire.—Ex.

Beneath the moon he told his love;

The color left her cheeks;

But on the shoulder of his coat

It showed up plain for weeks.—Ex.

Miss Dunn—In case of fire, jump out of a second story window and turn to the right.

When Nature made him ugly, brainless, small,

She pitied one she had so hardly treated.

She said: "He shall not miss my gifts at all,"

And made the horried little thing conceited.—Ex.

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Teacher—I'm ashamed of this composition, Charley. I shall send for your mother and show her how badly you are doing.

Charley—Send for her—I don't care. Me mudder wrote it, anyway.—Ex.

Medical Student—Is Miss B. in?

Servant—She's engaged.

Medical Student—I know it. I'm the thing she's engaged to.

Teacher—Mary, you are always behind in your studies.

Mary—Why, of course; if I wasn't behind, I couldn't pursue them.—Ex.

The deportment of the pupils varies inversely as the square of the distance from the professor's desk.—Ex.

57 VARIETIES

Help the Outlook!

Look out! Help! (Next time.)

A newly captured horse thief

Dangled from a tree.

In a whisper horse he muttered,

"This suspense is killing me."—Ex.

"ADELINE GENEÉ!"

The manager vanished and the interviewer was left alone in the dressing room with a young lady of the 57 Variety Company. She was daintily dabbing on blushes by the quart. Dancing is the cure that little Annabelle takes to drive away the glooms. If sad recollections come over her of shattered happiness, she just dances!

"Oh, but I'm not really Adeline Geneé," went on the little star. "Every time I think of that poor dear my sympathetic heart urges me to leave the stage and let the little star go on winning laurels without the sad knowledge that she has a superior."

Our little confidences were rudely cut off by the stage bell, and dainty little Geneé II tripped over the stage entrance to satisfy the delirious audience!

WHAT'S THAT?

She dropped her glove,
He raised his lid.
He picked it up
With "O you kid,"
"How dare you sir!"
He smiled at her,
"Excuse me, Miss,
It's just like this—
I meant the glove."

—Ex.

Bright Junior—"I can write about anything."
Tired Editor—"Then right about face."

He that hath money and refuseth to buy the school paper, but looketh over his neighbor's back to see the contents thereof is like upto an ass who, having a manger full of straw, nevertheless nibbleth that of his companions and brayeth with glee.—Ex.

She (friendly tone)—"By the way, are you going to take dinner anywhere tomorrow evening?"

He (eagerly)—"Why no, not that I know of."

She (serenely)—"My! Won't you be hungry the next morning?"—Ex.

Muggins—"Whatever became of that friend of yours who used to have money to burn?"

Buggins—"He's sifting the ashes."—Ex.

Mr. Olds (nervously)—"Dear, there's been something trembling on my lips for months and months."

She—"Yes, so I see. Why don't you shave it off?"

"Are you hungry?"

"Yes, Siam."

"Well come along. I'll Fiji."—Ex.

SCHOOL LAW

Dr. Howe (explaining marking of school register)—"It would be L anyway."

TEACHER'S MOTTO

We teach those we can, and those we can't we can.

WELL QUALIFIED

Miss Blewett (to druggist)—"You are the proprietor and pharmacist of the first class?"

"Yes, madam."

"And you know your business well?"

"From the foundation."

"That is well. Give me two cents worth of gum drops."

IN COURT

"Are you Owen Flannigan " asked the judge.

"Yes, begorrah," replied the prisoner. "I'm owin' everybody."

SENIOR A, AFTER JUNE 7, 1913

Break, break, break, on thy cold grey stones, O sea!

But you got to do some breaking to be much worse broke than me.

Pat—"There wasn't any circus last night."

"Why."

Pat—"Because the elephant swallowed the coffee pot and they couldn't find the grounds."

IN THE ORCHARD

She—"How the trees sob and moan tonight.

He—"You would, too, if you were as full of green apples as they are."

Hilda Haddox—"The dentist said I had an awful cavity that needed filling."

Teacher—"Did he recommend any special course of study " "

Dr. Howe—"In this stanza, what is meant by the line, 'The shades of night are falling fast?'"

Junior B.—"The people were pulling down the blinds."

Teacher (explaining laws of Pedagogy)—"Nobody can be in two places at once."

Fredda B. G.—"Oh, yes, they can. Once I was in San Diego and I was home-sick all the time."

I should worry, lose my locker key, and get Dunn for it!

NOT QUITE THE SAME

A charming but not over-tactful hostess once seated at a dinner table a young debutante next to a learned but slightly deaf professor. The young lady was at much pains to make conversation with the learned man, but did not seem to progress well. Finally, noticing a dish of fruit, she said in desperation, "Do you like bananas?" He appeared not to hear, so she repeated the question. He turned toward her and asked her to speak louder, which she did, attracting the attention of the whole table. The learned man bent upon her a look of stern reproof and to her horror replied, "My dear young lady, I had hoped I misunderstood your question, but since you must insist, I must say that I prefer the old-fashioned night-shirt."

TOO MUCH FOR THE ENGLISHMAN

A professor from Iowa went to England last summer and was introduced to a professor from one of the English universities. He welcomed the American and said: "I met one of your colleagues last summer. We had another professor from Ohio here to visit us."

"But I am from Iowa."

"Iowa, indeed! How very interesting. I am sure the other gentleman called it Ohio."—Lippincott's.

HARD LINES

"I married my wife for spite."

"Well you certainly got good and even with yourself."

VALUE

"You'll never realize your husband's true value until he has gone," counseled Mrs. Goodman.

"I know it," replied Mrs. Nagg. "His life is insured."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

LUCKY

Hobo—I've eaten nothing but snowballs for three days.

Lady—You poor man! What would you have done had it been summer time?—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

HOW SHOULD IT BE SAID?

Henry Augustus was learning to dress himself; he was not as big as the name sounds.

Mother, looking on, said: "Why, my son, you have your shoes on the wrong feet!"

"Well, screamed Henry Augustus, "they're the only feet I have to put 'em on!"—Judge.

"I suppose you tried to save every penny when you started in business?"

"I did more than that," replied Mr. Cassius Chex. "I rescued a lot that other people were squandering."—Washington Star.

FINIS







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